

## Limbo

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24565261) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24565261>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Major Character Death</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">gream - Relationship</a> , <a href="#">dreamnotfound - Relationship</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Badboyhalo - Character</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Dreams and Nightmares</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe</a> , <a href="#">Dreamwalking</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Angst</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Pining</a> , <a href="#">Pining</a> , <a href="#">no beta we die like men</a> , <a href="#">Confessions</a> , <a href="#">dream is an IDIOT</a> , <a href="#">Boyfriends</a> , <a href="#">Emotional Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Swearing</a> , <a href="#">Self-Hatred</a> , <a href="#">Self-Esteem Issues</a> , <a href="#">Feelings</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Feels</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Mild Gore</a> , <a href="#">Blood Loss</a> , <a href="#">Blood and Injury</a> , <a href="#">Blood and Gore</a> , <a href="#">Nightmares</a> , <a href="#">Gunshot Wounds</a> , <a href="#">Additional Warnings In Author's Note</a> , <a href="#">Near Death</a> , <a href="#">Not Really Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Death</a> , <a href="#">Long-Distance Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Relationship Problems</a> , <a href="#">Alter Egos</a> , <a href="#">Bittersweet Ending</a> , <a href="#">Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">My First Work in This Fandom</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-06 Completed: 2020-06-26 Words: 25,044 Chapters: 11/11

## Limbo

by [isleofdreams](#)

### Summary

Dream takes pride in his dreamwalking skills. He never screws up, and even if he does, his quick thinking and swiftness allows him to escape from trouble.

However, George is different. Dream knows it deep down in his heart.

Irresistible urges and increased curiosity causes him to walk into George's dreams, and soon he's addicted to it.

But not without a price to pay.

### Notes

hello! it's my first time posting on ao3, so i hope i dont screw anything up

this is an AU inspired by the book Dreamland by Robert L. Anderson! the main gist of the book is here, but there will be some modifications and changes since it has been a long time

i've reread the book

i hope you enjoy it!

disclaimer: these are only their characters (online persona), so if they are uncomfortable with this ship/shipping, i will delete this fic. DO NOT SHOVE THIS INTO THEIR FACES. i'll most likely stick to using their screen names because it feels weird (for me, at least) to use their real names, and i hope you respect that

anyways, its my first time writing after taking a break for like a year, so my writing might be a little rusty. hopefully it gets better haha smile

enjoy!

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream never thought he'd mess up this hard

He has been doing this for the past 20 years, keeping up a flawless record. The instructions were simple: enter their dreams, and leave before they wake up without interfering with anything in the process of doing so, and without anyone noticing him. Slither in and out, like a snake. Simple.

Okay, he wouldn't say his walks are flawless. He screwed up twice - once when he tripped over a chair and caused a nearby vase to crash onto the floor (he swore there wasn't a vase before he tripped) and the other time when his next door's neighbour saw him. But both times he left immediately after, so there wasn't much damage caused.

He considers himself nimble, flexible even. Like a little hamster, scurrying away before anyone can even spot him. A mouse escaping the cat's claws. He's careful, because he knows if he breaks a rule severe enough there will be consequences dire enough to kill him. He knows he's brave and confident, but he doesn't want to play with fire, when said fire is powerful enough to take away his life.

Dreams are usually when people are most vulnerable. It's when they let out their deepest desire, their darkest fears. It's when their subconscious takes over, and guides them to wherever their heart leads them to. It's the prettiest and the ugliest of a human being, and Dream appreciates it from a distance, and admires the way the human minds work. Of course, sometimes he stumbles upon weird dreams, but he doesn't question it, instead opting to just leave immediately.

A sign that alerts Dream to leave is when the sky crumbles. The sky shatters into a thousand pieces, first with a few unnoticeable cracks, then spider web-like patterns appear, painting ugly lines across the deep, dark blue canvas. Black spills out, and that's when Dream will usually create a portal and bid the dream goodbye. He doesn't wait.

But this time, it's a different story. He doesn't think that he can escape this by just creating a portal and leaving, no. He doubts he can escape this and pray that the other will brush it off as a flicker of his imagination.

He groans a little, rubbing his eyes. He shouldn't have gone into his dream, because he knows he'll get addicted, falling into the rabbit hole of curiosity deeper and deeper. He wants to see when he's the most vulnerable, and it's a drug he cannot escape.

It's a rookie mistake, but a mistake nonetheless. He lets his hand slide down his face, reprimanding himself yet again.

He shouldn't have gone into George's dream at all.

## Chapter End Notes

i hope you enjoyed this prologue (?)

let me know what you think about this! any feedback will be appreciated

## Chapter 2

“Dream! Oh my god, stop!”

George’s loud screeches pierce through Dream’s headset, covering the low chuckles from the latter. The soft grass beneath them crunched as they ran through the fields, while nearby sheep and cows greet them uncertainly, fear in their eyes as they prayed that they wouldn’t fall prey to the deadly swords of the two boys who are now chasing one another. The sun, hanging directly above them, seemed to frown at their game of chase, the heat growing more uncomfortable as time passed.

However, Dream will not give up. He is behind George, just slightly. He smells terror radiating from the boy in front, and it gives him the sweet, sickly adrenaline that pushes him to accelerate. His predator senses kick in, and he craves for the thrill of catching George.

“Oh George, I’m going to get you~”

A whimper is the only response to his statement as George focuses on trying to get away, like a little rabbit, twisting and turning in order to shake away the bloodthirsty tiger. His efforts are deemed futile as he accidentally catches himself in the leaves of an oak tree, and he slows down. With one swift motion, Dream lands his hit, which is accompanied by George’s loud ‘NO’. Items scatter across the ground, and Dream lets out a victory cheer, claiming victory as the hunter yet again.

“Why are you so fast- how did you even find me?” George whines, respawning back into the game and teleporting himself back to Dream. He punches Dream, his fists colliding with the shiny iron armour with a ‘clang’, which only results in laughter as Dream runs away.

“I have the compass, you idiot!” Wheezing, he parkours his way up to the treetops, aimlessly jumping from tree to tree as George tries to catch up. “Anyways, since I won, I don’t have to do the face reveal,” he teases, earning a groan from George.

“I don’t even know what you look like,” George points out, subtle disappointment leaking from his words followed by a small playful chuckle. Dream swallows his guilt, forcing it back down to his stomach. He knows his friend doesn’t mean any harm; George, in fact, is the one who assured Dream that he doesn’t have to show his face just yet if he’s uncomfortable, but yet he feels like he has let George down.

“You can ask Sapnap to describe me,” he retaliates, recovering from his small stumble with a grin. He could sense George rolling his eyes as he jumps around, ending the conversation.

Dream quickly did his outro, plugging in George’s socials as well as his own, and stops his recording. He falls back into his chair, the tension from the game released as he lazily controls his character. A small smile was present on his face. It was times like these when the two would just enjoy each other’s company, a comfortable silence resting between them.

“Dream?”

“Yeah?”

“I shipped my merch to you, by the way. You should be receiving it soon, if the system doesn’t fail me,” George informs him, and *oh right, he wants me to make sure it’s okay before releasing it.*

“Oh nice! I’ll be looking forward to it. I’ll tell you when it arrives.”

“You better,” George threatens jokingly, and the topic switches as George talks about the new plugin he’s coding. The conversation ends two hours later, and after they hang up, Dream feels a familiar tug on his heart as he falls back into loneliness again.

He leaves his room to fetch a glass of water. He chugs it down, hoping that the liquid will replace the emptiness instead.

\*

In order to enter someone’s dreams, dreamwalkers need to hold an item that relates to the dreamer. The closer the sentimental value of the item, the deeper and more detailed their dream will be.

The difficulty of entering dreams also rely on how large the object is. A book or an item of clothing will suffice, but sometimes Dream finds himself relying on objects such as pencils and pens instead. It causes him to use more energy when creating a portal and moving through their dreams, but if it works, he will take it.

Dreamwalking certainly isn’t easy, but with enough skills and practice, it becomes natural, a breeze even. There are only a few rules to abide by, and he can practically recite the rules backwards.

*Don’t modify anything. Leave when the first black streak is in the sky. Don’t walk the same person’s dream twice. Walk at least twice a week.*

See? Simple. Dream doubts he can screw this up; it’s a piece of cake to him.

He pats Patches’ head, who only meows at him in slight annoyance, and gets ready for bed, clutching a broken bracelet from the cafe he has picked it up from. He prepares himself mentally, and enters the stranger’s dream.

\*

A cloud of fog blurs his vision, and he uses his hand to swat them away, squinting a little to see the road ahead. Cautiously, he walks forward, and the fog parts in front of him, giving him a view of the dream.

A bed is pushed against one of the beige walls, and on the wall pasted neatly are several posters of bands and musicals. He recognises Panic! and Hamilton, and turns around. The thin fog parts, allowing him a clearer view of the white table and chair. Stacks of books tower on either side of the table, and in the middle sits a girl in her mid-twenties, head buried in an AP Math practice book.

Dream crouches down and hides himself under the bed. It may be the most obvious place, but you’d be surprised at how little people check under their beds.

A nearby door opens, and Dream watches as a pair of feet walk in, along it the scent of sweet, hot chocolate. His mouth waters at the thought, and he is tempted to hop out of his hiding spot just to have a taste of the creamy drink, but he controls himself.

He peeks out from under the bed, and he sees the girl accept the drink, downing it all in one go. The lady beside the girl smiles, and takes back the now-empty mug. She walks away calmly, closing the door behind her.

At first glance, there is nothing wrong with the girl. She continues with her work, writing down a few equations, when her head slowly nods forward. The surroundings around her turns hazy, and as her head hits the book in a deep slumber, Dream is pulled into another part of her dream.

Everything looks blurry for a second, and he patiently waits until a spot of brown appears in the corner of his eye. He walks towards it, and his surroundings slowly render into place, colours and smudges filling in the previously blank canvas. He walks towards the brown spot, where the same girl sits at a table. This time, she has nothing but a booklet in front of her.

“One minute left!” A loud voice booms, and Dream cringes a little. Several more tables come into view, occupied by people with blurry faces. Their hands hold pens, and they are writing furiously on the booklet.

Approaching the girl slowly, Dream peeks over her shoulder. He sees nothing but a clean, blank page. The girl’s panic is obvious, and Dream feels it. His heart beats faster, and he bites on his lip subconsciously. He steps away from the girl, and the panic subsides a little. The girl looks like she is close to crying, tearing her hair as she attempts to write something, anything.

Her pen comes into contact with the paper, and the time is up.

Dream watches as she fidgets, and she lets out her tears, disappointment washing over Dream like a tsunami, and he feels a strong urge to comfort her. Instead, he watches as she submits her paper to a faceless invigilator, and leaves with heavy footsteps.

A loud crash, then the grey ceiling of her dreams crack open. Black ink oozes through the gaps, and Dream takes this as a sign to leave.

He holds his hand out, his palm wide open, and with his mind creates a portal. The swirling purple hypnotises him for a second, but he shakes his head to focus, and steps in.

Not even sparing a glance behind, he shuts the portal.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's merch came in three days later.

He carries the brown package in and places it on the table. Struggling with the tape, he carefully peels it off, not wanting to ruin the wrapper (it's going to end up in the trash anyways). His hand comes into contact with something soft, and he takes it out.

A white hoodie is in his grip, and the soft cotton fabric makes Dream want to bury his head into it immediately. He holds it out, and the white, bold words 'GeorgeNotFound' streaks across a red rectangle. Dream smiles. *Can't believe that fucker actually stole the idea from Supreme.* He places it aside for now, freeing his hands from the weight of the hoodie

He glances into the package again, and his eyes pick up on a blue shirt. Dream lets out a laugh. Instead of the infamous Supreme logo, a cartoonish 'Moo Moo Meadows' is slapped at the front. He lets his fingers run across the printing, and his smile grows wider.

George sends him three items to be exact, and the last shirt is rescued from the grasp of the package. This time, the error message screams in Dream's face, with a broken computer at the top. Dream reads the words printed on the shirt slowly, and with a grin that could challenge the Cheshire Cat, he places it back onto the table.

He picks up his phone, and alerts George that his merch has arrived. The white hoodie is picked up again, and without a moment of hesitation Dream wears it.

It fits snugly against his body, and despite the hot weather in Florida that threatens to scorch everything in its way, Dream doesn't let it stop him from having the merch on. Sure, he may be sweating internally, but it's worth it as he is rewarded by the comfort of the clothing. He feels like melting, but in a good way.

His phone screen lights up, and he notices it's from George asking to call on Discord. He plops onto his chair, and accepts the call request from George.

"Hey! How was it?"

"It's comfortable. I'm wearing your hoodie right now," Dream snuggles further into the fabric, and George's relieved laughs feels like a melody in his ears.

"Really? Won't you be sweating your ass off right now?"

"Worth it."

"How about the designs? Do you think they're okay, or are they too, y'know, obnoxious or.."  
George trails off, and Dream shakes his head a little on instinct.

"No, they're fine. I'm sure the fans would love them. If you want, you can ask them for their opinions on Twitter or something," he offers a solution.

He can hear a small laugh from George, and his stomach is suddenly in knots. Distracting himself from his own feelings, he flips the hood up instead, and buries his nose into the front.



“Nah, if you say it’s good, then it’s good.” Sincerity drips from George’s words, and Dream lets out a chuckle, swiveling in his chair absentmindedly. He tilts his head to the side, and comforts his friend one last time.

“Seriously, it’s fine. You worked hard on it, and I don’t see why they won’t appreciate it.”

A flustered laugh accompanies George’s words. “Yeah, you better be grateful too. That’s like, almost a hundred dollars of merch you have there for *free*.”

“Hey, I sent you my merch too, so we’re even,” Dream huffed, his smile betraying how he truly felt. Thank god this isn’t a video call.

“Sure, sure. So, about the next video...”

\*

Dream glances at the hoodie, now off of his body because *god, Florida is hellspawn and I’m surprised I haven’t melted yet*.

It’s close to midnight now, and Dream is skeptical about what he’s about to do. He knows that if word spread that he is a dreamwalker, his career would be pretty much screwed. No one likes someone meddling and prodding into your thoughts, especially if they are secret that you would carry to your grave.

That’s why, before his first dreamwalk, when he was merely five years old, his mother has warned him about not touching anything, because one wrong move will cause them to be found, their secret exposed.

It definitely wouldn’t be a pretty sight if that happened.

Dreamwalkers aren’t the most reputable, because your mind is an equivalent of a house, and you wouldn’t exactly be happy if there is a stranger in it. They don’t announce to the entire world that they are a dreamwalker, instead they keep it buried in their hearts, lock it up with a key, and throw said key away.

Society treats dreamwalkers as a folktale, like Bigfoot or the Loch Ness monster. Some believe it, some don’t, and others have curiosity spilling over the edge that they conduct research and gather evidence about it. It’s there, but it’s just not talked about. You might hear it under a hushed breath of a student or a whisper from a passerby, but no one is sure whether they exist, and no one cares enough to find out more about it (except for the minority, which no one believes because the evidence is questionable and got debunked pretty easily).

Dream, like the others, never boasted about his status as a dreamwalker, and he finds no difficulty in walking other people’s dreams. However, something holds him back.

Walking his friend’s dream seems... weird. It makes him feel guilty, even. He feels ashamed of himself for even thinking about it, because he feels like he is invading George’s privacy and if, if, George finds out, their friendship is going to go south and Dream isn’t sure whether he’d risk their friendship, isn’t sure whether their friendship is strong enough to handle this ‘challenge’.

His mind reminds him of his highschool days, and Dream grits his teeth. He forces himself to not think of the mishap, because their friendship till now is still intact, and what’s the point of thinking about the past?

Alas, his thoughts do not spare him, and he sinks into the memory that he deems a nightmare.

\*

Sapnap's jacket hangs on his chair, the black and white material grabbing Dream's attention. The classroom was surprisingly cold, and Sapnap's caring nature has allowed him to notice how hard Dream was shivering, which led to him lending him his jacket for the day. Unfortunately, Dream has forgotten to return him back, so as soon as he reaches home, it is folded neatly into half and placed on the chair. It sits unnoticed as Dream completes his homework, but once he prepares for bed, the item taunts him.

Dream fumbles with his fingers. He hasn't walked in days, and he feels uncomfortable, and the jacket provides a great opportunity for Dream to get to know his friend better through walking. He feels a little scummy, but he manages to fight the wave of nerves down as he grabs the jacket and moves to his bed.

Clutching the jacket, Dream closes his eyes, and enters the dream.

He opens his eyes, and expects a thick layer of fog obscuring his vision, but he is instead presented with a clear sky. It's pitch black, which is something Dream finds unusual, but he takes it anyway. He takes a step forward, and looks around.

There is nothing in Sapnap's dreams, which sends a shiver down Dream's spine. He knows for a fact that everybody has dreams, but some are forgotten as soon as the dreamer wakes up. He takes another step, and his footsteps echo in the sad, empty space.

"Dream?"

He freezes, his mind blank. He doesn't turn around, doesn't face Sapnap, doesn't face his problems. Instead, he reaches out, and wills his trembling hand to make a portal.

The purple swirl welcomes him warmly, and seeing something familiar calms him down. He releases his breath, and takes a step forward.

To his horror, the portal shatters.

"Dream, turn around," Sapnap says, this time a little more firmly. In this eerily silent room, he hears his own heartbeat in his ears. Perhaps Sapnap, too, can hear it. He braces himself, and turns around.

Sapnap's head is tilted to the right, and he stares at Dream in curiosity. He walks towards Dream, and Dream takes a step back but somehow, he can't move his feet. It's as if both of his legs had grown roots and planted themselves to the spot.

"I'm controlling you, silly boy. That's why you can't move," Sapnap chuckles, like a cat toying with a mouse. Confusion clouds Dream's head, slowing down his decision-making. He looks in terror as Sapnap approaches him, each step a reminder that he's caught, he's done for, and he's fucked.

Sapnap stands in front of him, and despite Dream towering over him, Sapnap has the upper hand in this situation. Dream avoids Sapnap's burning gaze.

Suddenly, Sapnap laughs.

"Oh my god, the look on your face! I got you there, didn't I?"

*What?*

“Your name makes much more sense too! God, I had a suspicion, but I didn’t want to ask you face to face,” Sapnap flicks his wrist, and Dream’s legs give up on him, causing him to fall to the floor. Sapnap only laughs louder, but an arm is stretched out as he offers the fallen boy help. Dream takes his hand, still white from the ordeal, and shakily stands up.

“I’m sorry, are you okay?”

“What happened?”

Sapnap grins. “I can’t believe you tried to dreamwalk another dreamwalker.”

“Well, yeah, cause I- wait, another dreamwalker?” Dream’s thoughts come to a screeching halt. He examines the boy in front of him, and Sapnap decides to stop fooling around.

“Yeah, I’m a dreamwalker too, if that’s what you’re wondering. The reason why you couldn’t move back there is because you’re in my realm, which means I have control over you. I sensed your presence as soon as you came in,” Sapnap explains, a playful glint in his eyes. “Does your parents not tell you about this?”

“No?”

“Anyways,” Sapnap smirks, “I got you there, didn’t I?”

“You *scared* me, I thought I was done for!” Dream punched Sapnap’s shoulder, the tension in the air slowly dissipating. Sapnap only giggled, and rolled his eyes.

“You should’ve seen how white you looked.”

“Shut up,” Dream’s face burned from embarrassment. Silence consumed them, but not for long.

“Y’know, you should leave soon. It’s not safe here,” Sapnap’s playful tone dropped, and the sudden seriousness caused Dream’s heart to skip a beat.

“Why?”

Sapnap pulls the front of Dream’s shirt, causing the taller boy to stumble forward. He could feel Sapnap’s breath hot on his ear and neck, and Dream blushed slightly at the close contact between the two.

“There’s someone always watching us, following every dream that we go to,” Sapnap’s voice drops to a whisper, his words husky. “They track walkers down like wolves, hunt them down basically. They can, and won’t hesitate, to kill.”

Sapnap releases Dream, who stands there dumbfounded, and lets out a smile, as if his words haven’t spooked Dream to the core. Is that why he always feels followed, that someone was always behind him? Is that why he’s warned to never touch anything, as a way to cover up his tracks?

“Who is it?” Dream finds himself whispering, not wanting anyone to overhear their conversation. It looks silly, two boys whispering to each other when there is no one around to listen, but some walls do have ears, and Dream doesn’t want to take the risk of finding out who they are.

But he’s curious. And curiosity always kills the cat.

Sapnap shrugs. “Someone, but they call them the ‘Corrupted’. There are rumours and speculations, but no actual alibi. All the witnesses are dead,” he barks out a pained laugh at that statement, and

the air seems to freeze again.

“So, I’ll see you in school tomorrow.”

Dream nods, not trusting his ability to speak yet, and creates a portal. This time, it does not shatter. He looks back, and there stands Sapnap, who sends him off with a little wave. He thinks he sees something move in the shadows, but he shakes it off as his paranoia instead.

He smiles, waves, and wakes up in cold sweat.

\*

But Sapnap is different from George, isn’t he? Sapnap is his long term friend, a fellow walker, George is...

George is something else. Someone else, at least to him deep down, although he doesn’t admit it out loud.

The hoodie calls out to him, begging him to take it in his hands. He holds it, and lets out a breathless laugh.

What could go wrong? At most, he might trip over his foot, or accidentally knock something off, but unless George is a walker (which, Dream is certain he isn’t) he’s pretty much safe.

He holds the soft material, and enters George’s dream.

## Chapter End Notes

hiya! i hope you're enjoying the book so far!

any speculations about what's going to happen?? if there's any questions and feedback for me, do feel free to comment!

thank you for clicking on this book! the plot is picking up, so the interesting parts will come up soon

also, are you guys okay with these kinda narrate-what's-going-on-in-their-life and flashback-and-explain-thingy happening? if it's too confusing, please do let me know

anyways, see you guys in the next chapter :D

\*

dream: noooooo dont walk your friend's dream!! last time it happened your identity got exposed!!!

also dream, entering george's dream: haha me go walk

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A thin mist blurs his view, and he shoos them away with ease. Due to their close friendship, Dream had an easier time entering George's dream than the girl's. The ground solidifies below him, and he steps out of the fog.

Tall, thick trees surround him, a canopy shading him from the intense glare of the sun. Both insects and birds alike sing their own tune, creating a mess of a melody. Leaves swish and rustle at his feet, and he steps carefully, trying his best to create as little noise as possible. Droplets of dew falls on him, and he wipes them away nonchalantly. He walks along the grey pavement in search of George, and even spots a few squirrels on his way.

The entire scenery seems familiar to him, though he is unable to place a finger exactly on where he is. He wrecks his head for a memory, yet none surface up. Coming close to giving up, he almost lets out a delighted gasp when a nearby signpost pops up.

As soon as his eyes land on the first letter, he remembers. George has shown him a few pictures of an orchard he used to frequent, before it closed down. This must be the place.

He looks around, trying to spot George's presence, when an obnoxious squeal slices through the peaceful atmosphere. He smiles and shakes his head, following the sound. He turns a corner, and he sees George laughing. Beside him stands a man in bright green hoodie and blue jeans, and even from a distance, Dream notices that the man's face is blurred. His dirty blonde hair is messy, and he is currently leaning on George, who tries to push him off.

*Wait, what?*

Dream's stomach does a double take, and he looks at the man that is him. Well, George isn't exactly off about his appearance, but he feels a little annoyed at the fact that his face is blurred. You'd think that after being close friends for about three years he'd have an imagination on how Dream looks like, but he brushes the hurt off.

He follows behind them closely, and *why is he in George's dream, again?* The two seem to be joking around a lot, and Dream notices that George and fake Dream touches a lot, and everytime fake Dream says something, George has this giddy smile. Dream shoves down the bitterness that is bubbling inside of him, and decides to focus on his fingernails digging into his palms instead.

They stop in front of a tree, and George whips around to face fake Dream, causing Dream to almost dive into a nearby bush. His heart rate accelerates as he hides behind a tree instead, listening in on the conversation between those two. He glances down, and a beetle scurries past him, unaware of the situation at hand.

"Do you know how to climb a tree?"

*Well, no-* "Yeah." it's weird hearing his own voice come out of another person's mouth, but it's weirder knowing that George thinks he knows how to climb trees. George is going to be so disappointed when he finds out the truth.

"Alright, race you to the top. Last one is a rotten egg!" George yells, and Dream peeks out from behind the trunk, and sees that George has given himself a three second head start, causing fake

Dream to protest while he starts scaling up the branches.

Dream looks in awe as the duo's smooth movements, as if they've been here countless times, and admires how easy they both make climbing trees look. Soon, the both of them disappear into the leaves, and Dream has no resort but to leave his hiding place, approaching the tree slowly while looking up.

The tree isn't as tall as he'd expected it to be, so Dream can actually still eavesdrop on their conversation. He puts his feet on a branch, testing it to make sure it can actually handle his weight, and with two hands holding different branches, he pushes himself off the ground.

Tree climbing is way more tiring than it looks, and after struggling for a few more seconds, he stops and settles down on the lowest branch instead (which is... not that far from the ground, so he doesn't even know why he climbed. It's a waste of his energy, really).

Looking up, Dream notices that the two are sitting very close to each other, his heart squeezing painfully, and he wants George to notice *him* instead. He sees fake Dream shift closer to George, and even has the audacity to wrap his arm around George's shoulder, which frankly pisses Dream off. George, however, puts his head on fake Dream's shoulder, and Dream almost pukes on the floor.

He doesn't want George to do this to someone else; he wants George to do it to *him*. In real life.

*He doesn't even know what you look like, idiot,* a voice whispered in Dream's head. *He can take one look at you and back away.*

Dream ignores the nagging thought, and continues observing.

"I used to climb this tree a lot," George starts. A squirrel lands on the branch across Dream's, which gives him a massive jumpscare. "And uh, I hope you like the view up here."

Dream can see his other self turn his head and look at George, and he wants to throw himself off a cliff when fake Dream says "Yeah, the view sure is pretty."

Dream, in his opinion, could do much more better than that, thank you very much.

George lets out a relieved sigh, and shifts his body closer to fake Dream. Below them, Dream stares intently, and applauds himself internally for not losing his shit for such a long duration.

"I love you."

*No way. I imagined this, didn't I,* Dream freezes. Fake Dream only laughs softly, and whispers 'I love you too' back before planting a kiss on George's forehead, fondness dripping from his words. For Dream, it only turns into acid as it burns a hole through his heart.

"We should get down now," George suggests, and Dream takes this as a cue to leave. He scampers off the branch, and scurries off to the side like a defeated wolf.

Black makes its way along the sky, splitting them into different fragments, and for once Dream wills the ink to consume him. He stays there, unmoving, before picking himself up from pity. He opens a portal (which strangely doesn't seem as bright as usual), and drags his broken heart along with himself into it.

He shatters it almost immediately, and swears that he hears his heart shatter instead

\*

Dream wakes up, still a little sour, and decides to make himself some coffee and cool off instead. He pats Patches, who purrs, and refills her food bowl as he prepares breakfast.

Soon, a nicely made grilled cheese sandwich sits in front of him, along with his steaming mug of coffee. He bites into the bread, and cheese oozes out in between the gaps. He thinks about last night as he chews, and as his head clears up, so does some of his thoughts.

George doesn't know of his existence, which means he thinks that fake Dream is Dream himself. Dream thinks back to some of the scenes, how George looked so starstruck, so in love. The way that George glances at fake Dream (him? Dream isn't so sure anymore), the way that their hands brush against each other so slightly.

And the words he muttered on the tree, those three words that Dream has painfully begged him to say on stream multiple times, the same three words that claw at Dream's throat whenever George giggles. Those words linger in his mind as he watches George's livestream, at the way George smiles and laughs, or the way he seems so focused at times. Those words stay in his head, and *oh fuck, I fell further than I thought I would fall, didn't I.*

Dream slams his head on the table, startling his cat a little, and laughs at his pathetic self.

Goddamnit, he fell hard, that's for sure.

The words repeated in his head. The way George said it, so softly, as if he was afraid that it would ruin everything. Words alone hold no weight, but the delivery packs the punch. He sounded so sincere, so shy, and it was to Dream.

He's so fucking stupid, to be jealous of himself is definitely a new low. He relishes in the fact that George has said it to him, even though it's in a dream, but still. *To him, can you imagine?*

Sure, George has said 'I love you' multiple times off stream, especially before they log off. But those are different, aren't they? Those are said as a form of goodbye, in a way to remind Dream that he is important and that his existence is important. In this case, George said it as a form of endearment, to tell Dream that he means it with his whole heart, that he will give up the entire world just to be with Dream.

George *loves* Dream.

Dream brings his coffee to his computer, placing it on a table further away to avoid any spillages. He waits impatiently for the device to start up, his leg bouncing up and down (a bad habit of his). Once it's ready to run, he logs onto YouTube, and rewatches some of his videos with George.

He has watched this millions of times, to make sure that the edits are perfect and also as a form of enjoyment, but this time it's different. Dream pays attention to the small details, on how George stutters when Dream flirts with him, on the way George giggles at Dream's stupid jokes. He clicks on a particular video, and rewatches the entire scene. Dream had exchanged his sword with a rose bush as George is in mid-fight, forcing him to 'confess' his love for him. George has denied multiple times, and each time Dream hears how flustered he is, until he caves in.

Of course, George edited that out, because he didn't say 'I love you'.

Instead, he recites the reason he loves Dream, from the way he talks to his values, and Dream swears George must have written it down somewhere, because George is never a confident person when it comes to his feelings. Yet, George delivers the speech perfectly, and it takes Dream's

breath away.

One thing you should understand is that George is a thief. He steals Dream's iron in Minecraft, and he'd always excuse it as 'borrowing'. George commits these crimes without sparing a second thought, because as soon as he stole Dream's breath, he went ahead and stole Dream's heart too. George is a dirty crime boy.

But Dream doesn't mind. He'd give George everything, let George steal trinkets of his soul. Dream thinks that this is probably unhealthy, but so is sitting in front of the screen for ten hours straight as he edited the three hour footage, so he'd rather choose the former to die from.

The video resumes normally, unknowing fans begging for the full footage of George saying 'I love you', which Dream knows it's a big deal since George is always bashful on screen, but what is the point of saying those words when he doesn't even mean it anyway?

Dream will rather George say it in his heart and mean every word, than George say it out loud and mean nothing.

His body experiences a mixture of fondness and panic at the newfound realisation, and he goes onto Discord subconsciously. He sees Sapnap's icon, and shoots him a message.

*Are you free to call?*

\*

"You're such an idiot, Dream!" Sapnap groans, and Dream rolls his eyes.

"Come on, at least I know he feels the same way, right?"

"Dream, no, oh my god. That's not the point-"

"I know, I know," Dream surrenders. *God, Sapnap can be hard to handle sometimes.* "I've learnt my mistake, but George is different, alright?"

Sapnap goes silent on the other end, then mumbles out a 'sure'.

"Look, just because he's a friend doesn't mean we can't walk his dreams. What I'm trying to say is-"

"You walked *my* dreams, did you not learn anything from that?"

"What? I found out you're a walker, that's all! We're still friends-"

"Dude, you found out something I want to hide from others! You're literally invading George's privacy right now and-"

"And we aren't invading other people's privacy? Does it make a difference at all? We're still scummy, in a way, because in order for us to survive, we have to walk! Why does it matter, we're still shit anyway!" Dream is close to shouting at the end, and once the words leave his mouth, he feels a pang of regret. "Look, Sapnap-"

"Can we not talk about this? I'm happy for you, okay?" Sapnap mumbles, and an awkward silence engulfs the both of them.

"I'm sorry, Sap."

"It's fine." Sapnap's tired tone causes Dream to feel worse. "Seriously, I'm glad that you two are



into each other, and I'm sure others will be happy too."

"Thank you," Dream smiles a little.

"It's been too goddamn long anyway. Finally I can stop being the matchmaker. Do you know how tired that shit was? To watch you guys beat around the bush for so long?"

"God, Sapnap, I love you, but shut the hell up."

"Love you too, idiot."

\*

Days pass, and Dream becomes more and more frustrated. He has walked two dreams after George's, but they both don't give him the satisfaction that George's dream provides him. Dream wants more of George.

He's addicted to it, and it's bad, because addiction causes serious problems and he doesn't want to walk down the path of shame. But how can you resist such perfection? It was as if George's dream is perfectly handcrafted for Dream and Dream only, and walking George's dream is like walking through cotton candy: sweet and magical.

He's hooked, and really, he should be moving on, but he can't. He should be talking to Sapnap about this, because maybe Sapnap can help him in this situation.

But, like the idiot he is, he doesn't. Instead, he opts for the dangerous choice, because George is different, isn't he?

To Dream, at least, he's different.

And as Dream looks at the hoodie again, he decides to break a rule for George, reassuring himself that breaking a rule isn't that bad. Everyone breaks rules at some point of time in their life, right? It's no different in this situation; after all, he's more intrigued after that experience. More... curious.

Curiosity may kill the cat, but satisfaction will bring it back.

## Chapter End Notes

fun fact: i almost did an oopsies at the dream

the orchard idea is still there, but instead of george's childhood orchard, it's the orchard where they went to when dream visited him, but then i REALISED i said george has never seen dream before, so that was a close call

oh and i wanted george to fall out of the tree so there you go

and originally i wanted sapnap to be happy and go like 'wait when did george confess???' but then the angst in me took charge to write this out instead

psa: dream is an idiot

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

YALL DREAM GOT ANOTHER NEW WORLD RECORD CAN WE GET A POG IN THE CHAT

also, i'm sorry for not updating yesterday. schoolwork caught up with me, and this chapter took way too long to write (because feelings haha yikes am i right), but here you go! i hope you enjoy this!

confession chapter confession chapter but they're two halves of a whole idiot so now they're together they're an entire idiot

and yes, i added bad into this.

“No!” George shouts in his microphone, contradicting Dream’s ‘yes!’ as he celebrates George’s death, winning the Manhunt challenge as a hunter.

“Come ON, it’s not fair you keep winning!”

Dream only laughs. “It’s not my fault that you’re bad. Look, I died way more than I should’ve, there is no way that isn’t an advantage,” he points out.

And it’s true; Dream’s death for this episode has been exceptionally high, with multiple fall damages and a few lava run-ins, forcing him to reset and get extra gears a few times.

It’s not that he’s bad at the game; on the contrary, he’d say that he is one of the better players among his friends, and it can be proven through a few videos. However, today is different, because he is distracted by something else on his mind. He recalls the paragraph that he has written the night before, and despite going through the script over and over again, he still nitpicks at his words, criticising himself for not capturing the sentences perfectly.

He ends up calling Bad at around 3am, close to tears, asking him to look through his confession instead. Bad, as tired as he sounded, was still kind enough to help him modify it so that it sounds more natural, and he thanks the gods for Bad’s existence.

“Uh, Dream, you good?” George checks in, and Dream snaps out of his daydream. He shakes his head a little, a universal action to reset your brain, and reassures George that he’s fine.

“We have to do the outro.”

“Dream, I already did it just now,” George deadpans, and *oh, okay, guess I did space out there.* “Are you sure you’re okay? You’re blanking out way more than usual.”

Dream chuckles nervously, his insides twisting and turning, as if an entire theme park is in his body. He feels nauseated, and his hands are already starting to feel clammy. *God, it hasn’t even started yet.* He takes a deep breath, a failed attempt at calming himself down.

“Uh, I need to talk to you?” Dream cringes and dies a little more inside. Although he already knows

that George likes him, admitting his own feelings is a totally different story, because now he is the one who's vulnerable.

And Dream hates being vulnerable. He hates being weak, because he wants to be someone whom others can rely on, not the opposite way round. He wants other people to know they can lean on him, to trust him with their problems, because he loves to help others out, to make them smile. He wants to feel useful, and being vulnerable is the complete opposite of that.

Being vulnerable can cause you to be hurt deeply, and Dream isn't really ready for that yet. For now, he's happy with dealing with his own problems.

Well, unless the problem is to be vulnerable, then he might need some help there.

"Sure, what's up?"

"The sky," Dream answers without hesitation, and laughs when he hears George groan.

"I'm hanging up-"

"No, wait, I'm sorry!" Dream laughs, and then clears his throat. "I actually have something to say to you. Um."

His brain is a mess, and his knowledge of everything and nothing seems to be mashed up together, and it's basically chaos inside. His heart is racing too fast for his own good, and he feels like he's going to die of a heart attack first, and confessions aren't supposed to be this nerve-wrecking, because he already knows that George reciprocates the feelings, but he still can't help but feel scared because what if George rejects him, and what if his dream lied to him, and maybe George has this crush on another person that looks like him, but isn't actually him? And what if George hates him afterwards, and-

"Dream?"

"Uh," his brain lags for a moment, and he beats himself up internally for it. "Promise me you won't get mad?"

*That's such a stupid fucking thing to say why would you say that that's literally the opposite of what you planned god why can't I get this right-*

"Why would I be mad about it? You didn't grief my base, did you?"

"Uh, no?" Dream questions, and decides to steer the conversation to where he wants it to go.

"Okay, I'm going to tell you something, but you need to promise me you won't get upset or- or mad about it. Because I- uh- I value our," he chokes on his words, "our friendship a lot and it's, oh god this is awkward, just uh- don't hate me?"

The words spill out like a water fountain, and he wants to collect them back, say 'never mind, it's nothing' and chicken out, but he knows he will never let himself live that down, because he's stubborn and he's persistent, and he wants an answer to everything, and he wants to know everything and make it clear. He'd rather fail and know that he's tried than not try and regret forever.

"I won't hate you, Dream. Just say what's on your mind," George sounds confused, but he waits patiently, as if he's coaxing a puppy out of its hiding spot and telling it 'hey, it's okay, you're safe with me'.

And Dream does feel safe around him. So he decides *fuck it, screw the script*, dumps his overnight effort down the drain, and blurts it out.

“I like you, George.”

“I know that?”

“No, like, *like* like,” Dream holds his breath, covering his face with his hands even though they’re on voice call. He’s vulnerable now, his face beetroot red, and he hates this feeling of being open about his feelings. His hands act as a shield, but he knows he can’t stop George’s words from attacking him. He wants to take his earpieces away and run away, but an invisible force sits him down, and ironically he wants to hear George’s response, and he’s a complete mess, and *is this how love feels like? Helpless yet addicting?*

“Oh,” George says, and Dream almost throws himself onto the floor, because *what the fuck kind of response is this I did not anticipate this*, and George continues. “Uh, give me- give me a second.”

And he hangs up.

Oh.

Dream doesn’t know what to do, because out of all the situations that he has overthought last night, this wasn’t one of them (or, at least, George’s response wasn’t). He feels lost, and he feels his breathing quicken, and soon he’s hyperventilating. He fumbles for his mouse, and calls Bad.

“How did it go?” Bad asks, eager to hear the results. “Dream?”

“I messed up,” Dream sniffs, and he feels the back of his eyes burn a little and *oh, here comes the tears*. “I screwed it all up, I ruined it Bad.”

“No, you didn’t,” Bad was firm, yet his tone was laced with softness. “What was his response?”

“He just said ‘oh’ and kinda just left.”

“Oh my goodness.” Dream hears Bad facepalm, and he breaks down a little, trying to stifle his panic. He hiccups, his voice heavy with sadness.

“I screwed up so badly, I- I don’t know what to do, Bad, he hates me,” Dream cries, and he hates this. He hates this entire situation with his whole, shattered heart, and he just wants to bury himself in the comfort of his bed and sob his heart out.

He has no idea how much this will hurt, as if his heart is literally ripping itself into pieces. He thought he was prepared for the worst case scenario, which is George hating him, but *holy shit, this burns so bad*. His thoughts taunt him, and they keep repeating *you stupid idiot, do you really think he’d like you back?* and he can’t stop them because they’re right, he knows they’re right, and the void inside him just grows bigger, threatening to swallow him whole if he doesn’t control it. And he doesn’t, because he wants the void to embrace him in its soulless arms, welcoming him into its cold body. He lets out a whimper.

“Dream, he won’t hate you because of this. You’ve been friends for years, he won’t just leave you because you said you like him,” Bad reassures him, and although it’s not working, Dream appreciates his help. “Hey, don’t cry, okay? We still love you, Dream.”

He’s tired, and he keeps hiccuping which is annoying, so now he’s tired, heartbroken, and pissed. A perfect combination for a Wednesday afternoon.

“Look, why don’t you get some rest now, okay? I’ll message him-”

“No, it’s okay, Bad. I’m probably just overreacting right now, and I’m kinda tired,” Dream forces a chuckle out, and it sounds so *sad* that even he pities himself. “I’ll just get some rest. Thanks, Bad.”

“If you say so,” Bad sounds skeptical, but he doesn’t push it, and Dream is eternally grateful. He’s emotionally drained, and he might snap soon just to release some of his bottled up feelings. “I’ll check up on you later.”

“Thanks, Bad,” Dream hangs up, and crawls towards his bed, who is opening its arms for him, ready to catch his fall and comfort him.

He falls face first, and cries his heart out until he falls asleep.

\*

Dream wakes up, and it’s around nighttime. He’s still exhausted, but he feels a tad bit better. He’s in no mood to do anything, so he slumps towards his computer, and logs onto Discord, a habit of his which he regrets now because he just wants to avoid George. His mouse hovers over the ‘x’ button, ready to close the tab, when George calls him.

*Shit, what do I do?* A part of him wants to ignore the call, hop off, and wallow in his self pity. However, another part of him wants to hear what George has to say, because he’d rather have the answers than to be left hanging in doubt. He doesn’t want to let the bandaid slowly peel from his skin, he’d rather rip it off and experience the pain in one go. He sighs, and picks up the call.

“Dream-”

“If you wanna say you hate me, just do it quick, okay?” He braces himself for George’s cold words, and rubs his eyes.

“What? No, why would I hate you?” George asks, confused, and Dream looks back up.

“You mean you don’t-”

“It’s actually the opposite,” George mumbles. Dream takes three seconds to understand what George means, and he laughs.

“Wait, do you actually mean it?”

“Yeah. I, uh, I like you too.” Dream can hear George blush as he confesses, and the heavy rock that’s been weighing Dream’s heart down disappears. He chuckles at first, but then it escalates into wheezes that hurt his lungs.

“Dream? You okay there?”

“No! Why did you hang up on me then, you stupid? I thought I lost you!”

“I panicked. I’m sorry, okay? I didn’t realise it, and I wanted to call you back but you were offline. I’m so sorry.”

“You’re an idiot, George, you know that right?”

“I’m *your* idiot,” George retaliates.

“Ew, don’t say that,” Dream jokes, but his heart flutters. *I’m your idiot*. God, George is such a sap, but Dream likes it. He wants George to be sappy to him, and to be a flirt, and to show him the sides

that he has never shown anyone before.

“So, are we...”

“Do you want us to be?”

George goes quiet, and Dream worries for a second that George is going to hang up again.

“Of course, Dream,” George replies, and Dream smiles. His heart squeezes with fondness, and he wonders whether he could die of love. Giddy from his happiness, he grins.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

\*

Dream wants to be closer to George. He wants George to be close to him, because he wants to cuddle with him, and pepper kisses all over him. He wants to run his hand through George’s hair, wants to explore George in a way that others couldn’t. He wants to look into George’s heart, and learn all about George. He wants to wake up and see George sleeping across him peacefully, and he wants to make George breakfast and take care of him. He wants to do so many things, but he can’t, because there’s at least a thousand kilometers separating them and he hates it.

But Dream is stubborn. He is persistent, and he will get whatever he wants. He takes the hoodie in his hands, and he collapses onto his bed.

So what if Sapnap had warned him about Corrupted? It’s only the second time, and he’s sure he can get away with it, he can cover his tracks to make sure that no one follows him. George is different. George is his everything, and if Dream is to be put through choosing between George’s life or his own, he’d choose George’s in a heartbeat. Despite not being physically with George, Dream can still visit him in his dreams.

Maybe George’s dreams can be their little paradise, a place where they’re hidden from the world’s eyes, where they can truly be themselves. To open up to each other, to see each other in pure light. They can make George’s dreams their little haven, their little secret. Dream shivers at the thought of seeing George, his boyfriend.

*His boyfriend.*

Dream smiles, and closes his eyes.

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

WARNING: there's blood and gunshot in this chapter. it's nothing extreme, but it's slight gore and some of you might not be comfortable with it

if you want, you can skip to the end

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream opens his eyes, and he finds himself on the street. The moon hangs high in the sky as she tries her best to shine her light on the empty roads. The streetlights assist her, reassuring her that the small town is lit up, and she seems to heave a sigh of relief as she rests behind the clouds. The row of houses are lacking in activity, and Dream looks at his watch subconsciously, only to find it malfunctioning, it's digital numbers glitching.

Of course, time is not relevant in dreams, and items such as watches or clocks won't work, because they serve a different function. Instead of showing time, clocks and watches act as a warning sign for dreamwalkers, to signal that a Corrupted is nearby. When the sign is spotted early, dreamwalkers are able to escape by creating a portal and exiting the dream immediately, leaving dreamers to experience what society refers to as 'sleep paralysis'. If dreamwalkers are not able to escape due to various reasons, they will be transported to a place where nothing exists. Their senses will be gone, and their body will be controlled by an external force. Their powers will be slowly stripped from them, and they will watch themselves slowly disintegrate into nothing as their mind is numb from pain.

But Dream doesn't believe any of these. He doesn't believe that the Corrupted are that powerful to strip him of his powers, because his powers are in his mind. No one can steal knowledge, let alone power, from someone else's head. However, he doesn't want to risk his own life to find out what happens, so he usually abides by the rules.

Until George came.

The quiet hum of electricity fills in the silence, and Dream walks forward. He is on the pavement, and on his left is a huge, empty field, save from a few trees. He assumes that it's a park, and when he sees no movement, he moves on. The cool breeze blows on him, and he adjusts the sleeves of his hoodie so that it covers most of his hands. He runs his hand along his hair, and sighs, trying to search for George.

He shoves his hands into his pockets, and nervously glances around. He feels eyes on him, yet there is no one near him. He looks up at one of the windows, and he *swears* he sees a shadow duck away. He freezes for a moment, like a deer caught in headlights, and deems that he will be safer if he retreats into one of the nearby bushes, where he isn't out in the open, where he isn't vulnerable.

He needs to find George, because George is his only source of comfort in this strange land, the land of dreams and creativity. The creativity of man is unlimited, and as society progresses into an era where work is deemed more important than play, people often find themselves exhausted from catching up with the fast-paced changes of today. Working in an environment that suppresses imagination and encourages the brain dead cycle of repeating, people can only release their

emotions and thoughts when they are resting, when they are asleep. Dreams are where the impossible happen, accompanied by fantasies that are often seen in childhood and are usually buried as we grow into adulthood.

Dream chews on his lip, and he keeps his head down as he walks. Pulling his mask down to his face, he allows himself a sense of security as the plastic blurs his identity. Of course, Corrupted can still sniff him down, but he feels safer knowing that his face is not exposed.

He passes a house, and an anomaly catches his eye. Slowing his pace down, he approaches the house cautiously, and a chill runs down his spine as he sees that the front door is ajar. His body goes rigid for a moment, and his flight-or-fight senses activate, when a scream pierces through the quiet night.

His blood runs cold. He recognises that scream.

Lights start to turn on in the other houses, and Dream needs to be quick on his feet before he is spotted. He ducks behind a wall, and presses his body against it. His breathing becomes quick and shallow, and he scurries to a pillar near the front door. A window breaks nearby, and he hears a commotion breaking out inside of the house, and he contemplates going in. It's a risk, because he might get caught, and he can't help out anyway, can't intervene with the dreams. He's basically helpless.

*BANG!* The sound of gunshot makes Dream jump, and he is shaking, his legs about to give way. He crouches down, using his hands to support himself, and he is torn between going into the house and staying outside. His thoughts swing between the two options like a pendulum, and he is indecisive and afraid. George is in danger, but he's in a dream, and Dream doesn't know whether to save George and risk getting caught or to stay here and risk finding George dead. He tries to comfort himself, mumbling 'it's a dream, it's a dream' over and over again, but the image of George dead, lying in his own pool of blood, brings Dream near to tears.

The decision is made when he hears his name in a blood curdling scream. His hands are cold, and his eyes widen, because the way George screamed his name made him scared for himself, made him scared for George and whatever that's happening to him. He decides *fuck it, what's the worst if I get caught*, and runs in, slithering in between the door and into darkness.

His eyes take time to readjust to his new surroundings, and he makes out a sofa and a television in what he assumes is the living room. He creeps behind a table, making sure to watch his steps and not make the same mistake again. He was about to make his way towards the staircase leading up, when a figure appeared. Dream almost runs into a wall out of sheer panic, but he hides behind the couch instead.

The shadow seems to be unaware of Dream's presence as he saunters down the stairs, his movement elegant. He makes his way towards the front door, and Dream curls in on himself further, trying to make himself smaller and unnoticeable. The figure blends in with the shadow, and just like that, he is gone.

All that he left behind was the muffled sobbing from the top floor. Dream treads carefully, emerging from his hiding spot, and moves towards the stairs. They creak a little under his weight, but the noise wasn't loud enough to give his position away.

He ascends the stairs, and notices that there is a long hallway which branches out into three rooms. The sobs are louder now, and Dream hears someone muttering something over and over again. He walks towards a room, and he hears the words.



“Dream, no...”

*It's me*, Dream thinks, and his heart clenches at how heartbroken George sounded, his voice wavering as he repeats the two words over and over again. Dream sees the open door, and looks into the room.

George is curled up on the floor, cradling someone on his lap as his body shook violently. His shoulders slump, he looks defeated as he hugs the body tighter. Dark liquid was flowing through his fingers, and Dream looks down, and *oh*.

That's blood.

The smell of copper then hits him, and his guts do a double take as his eyes travel along the wall, and the floor, and *holy shit, I'm gonna be sick-*

George runs his hand through the body's bloody dirty blonde hair, and his palms emerge with more red. Dream doesn't think he has seen this much blood before, and he doubts he wants to see it again, but yet his eyes remain locked on the liquid. Blood on George, blood on the floor, blood on-

Blood on him.

Dream feels his heart plunge, and nausea is making him dizzy. He gags a bit, covering his mouth to muffle the noises, but he doubts George hears it, because he's so fixated by fake Dream who is currently lying across the stained wooden floor, head in his lap, bleeding out.

Dream sees George cup fake Dream's cheeks, accidentally smearing some of the blood on him, and holds fake Dream tighter, as if clutching the body will somehow resurrect the dead. He shifts a little, and Dream looks away, unwilling to see himself dead.

He feels George's heartbreak, and the pain causes him to almost collapse onto the floor. George's broken whimpers echo in Dream's ears, and he wants to go into the room to hug George, to let him share some of the pain so that he won't hurt this much. He wants to tell George that it's all a dream, and he's right here, that *I'm right here, love, and I'm not going to leave you. Not in a million years.*

The cold breeze enters through the broken window as it tries to console George with it's touch, but George seems unaware, his attention all on his partner. The curtains sway gently, and the moonlight illuminates the messy bed, where patches of blood are visible on the white sheets. The quiet rings loudly through the room, and Dream is terrified. He tries to convince himself that it's a nightmare, but the scene before him is so surreal that he isn't sure anymore.

*I need to get out of here.*

Dream stumbles down the stairs, and he almost falls on the way down. He staggers to the kitchen, and he can't stop seeing spots, and he wants to cry. He reaches out his arm shakily, and he needs to focus, or else he will not be able to make the damned portal, and he'd be stuck here with his dead body.

He closes his eyes, and he wills himself to not think of himself dead, lying in George's arms, blood splattered across the pristine walls, and *fuck, just focus*. Somehow, he is strong enough to make a portal, and he forces his legs to move, and-

“Dream?”

He turns around, and he makes eye contact with George.

He steps into the portal and shatters it immediately.

\*

*Fuck.*

He wakes up, still traumatised by his own death. He brings his hand up to his cheek, and it's ice cold. He sits up, and places a hand on his own heart.

He feels the steady thump in his body, and he relaxes a little. He controls his own breathing, and wipes some of his sweat away.

He remembers the last moments in George's dream, and slaps his hand on his forehead.

How could he be so careless and let his guard down that easily? Sure, it was George's dream, but he didn't want to be discovered. Making a portal near the dreamer is always a terrible idea, but somehow he had done it, the thought slipping his mind as he was blinded by panic and fear. It was his quick getaway.

Dream throws the blankets off of him, and gets out of bed. He proceeds to make coffee, uneasiness settling in him.

He hopes that George doesn't question him about it, that George thinks that he's hallucinating. He prays that George will brush it off, that it's a part of his dream, and that it's no big deal that he saw Dream walk through a fucking portal in front of his eyes and then shatter said portal one second later, when Dream's supposed to be dead in the room.

*Fuck.*

Dream downs his coffee.

## Chapter End Notes

hiya, just a quick update on my irl situation:

i wont be able to update this often anymore (like one day/two day updates). it'll probably be slower, because i gotta study for my exams (rip)

that being said, i'm really sorry. but this gives me time to actually plan out what i want to write in more details, because what i have now are only outlines/snippets of what's going to happen, and i update by going with the flow (of course with like minimal structure if you get what i mean)

so yeah. i hope you still enjoyed this chapter, and see you guys soon :)

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

just realised the song 'time' by NF suits what this chapter's kinda talking about so if you wanna listen to the lyrics feel free to do so

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream receives a notification on his phone, alerting him that George is starting to stream on Twitch. He watches the stream for a little while because he wants to observe if George is acting unusual, and also partially because he's a coward who doesn't want to face George, not yet at least. When George confirms that he is indeed himself by screaming at a creeper, Dream joins Discord and pops into the voice channel that George is in (they usually do this to indicate that they're fine with some company).

"So someone just joined the voice call... let me check who it is," George mumbles, and Dream sees the game menu on his phone screen. He chuckles.

"Oh, Dream's joined me! Everyone say hi to Dream!"

"Hey guys," Dream greets the viewers, who are currently going crazy in chat with Dream's arrival. "What're you doing?"

"I was planning to play some singleplayer, but if you wanna join me in bedwars, that'd be cool," George suggests, and Dream stretches a little.

"Sure. Just wait for a bit, I'll join soon," Dream starts up his own Minecraft, and George hums in response. As he hops onto Hypixel, he is welcomed by a swarm of fans, desperate for a screenie. He accepts the party invite from George.

They play a few rounds of bedwars, which is a repetition of George screaming when he's getting killed and Dream attempting to win the game.

A donation comes in, and George stops for a while to read it. Dream feels a little annoyed, but he brushes the feeling off.

He is in the midst of killing the grey team when George reads out "Hey, love your streams, keep it up. By the way, you look a little tired, are you okay?"

His death message pops up in the chat as he respawns.

"Yeah, I'm fine, thanks for asking. I guess I just don't have a good enough sleep? Otherwise I'm okay," George answers, and Dream stays silent. George is tired because of him, because he has been entering George's dreams, and guilt hits him like a truck. He tries to kill grey again, only to fail horrendously, and he groans. He hopes that the topic of sleep doesn't continue, and the viewers don't catch his slip-up.

He looks at his second monitor, observing George's facecam for a while. George is rubbing his eyes a lot, and his smile looks a bit forced, and from their years of friendship Dream knows he's tired.

He knows he should ask if George is okay, but he doesn't want to drag this on in fear of exposing himself, so he turns to his only coping mechanism: humour.

“What? Are you busy dreaming about me?”

Okay, maybe that isn't a good idea at all, but it slips out of Dream's mouth before he knows it, and he slaps himself internally. *What a fucking idiot you're such a fucking idiot.*

George chokes a little, a faint blush blossoming on his cheeks. Dream watches as George shakes his head, and hears him whisper “god, you're such an idiot.”

The chat catches up with the fact that George doesn't deny the question, and goes crazy once again.

“Chat, stop- oh my god,” George rolls his eyes as he purchases wool from the shop, “Dream, look what you've done.”

Dream only chuckles as a response, finally killing grey.

‘What did you dream of?’ A donation rolls in, and Dream catches it before George, and he has never wanted to strangle himself more. He slips and falls off the bridge, and George laughs at his misfortune. He prays that George doesn't catch the donation, but of course, being the good content creator he is, he reads it out loud.

*God, kill me right now.*

“Uh, it's not good, I can tell you that,” George responds as he breaks a bed, now moving on to kill the team. “It's something spooky, and I don't really wanna... talk about it. God, can't they just die already?”

The game ends, the duo emerging as victors. The topic is dropped, and Dream lets out a sigh of relief.

\*

The topic is once again brought up, but this time it's during a private call between the Dream Team and Bad. It's an after game call, which means Dream doesn't have to filter out his words because he trusts the boys. To a certain extent, at least.

They were planning the content for the next video, and George lets out a yawn. Bad, the most observant and empathetic out of the four, notices a small detail, and asks a question that puts Dream on edge.

“You alright, George? You sound really tired.”

“Yeah, I'm fine. Someone donated about this too. Is it really this obvious?”

“Well, you've been yawning awfully lot lately, so...” Bad trails off, and Sapnap jumps in.

“Don't worry, Bad. Dream and George just had lots of... intimate sessions together.”

George coughs out a ‘no!’, and Dream's cheeks burn as he gets flustered. Bad only lets out a yell, and laughs.

“Sap, chill. We haven't even been to second base yet,” Dream shoots back, and George sounds like he's going to die from suffocation. He hears Sapnap gag, and Bad is just dying of laughter at the

side.

“Dream, stop! God, I will break up with you,” George threatens, but Dream hears the affection in his tone, and his heart melts.

“No, but really, are you okay?” Bad steers the subject back, and George reassures him that he’s fine, and that he only had a nightmare, which is probably the reason why he’s a little off lately.

“Ooh, I’ve had a few bad dreams before. Also, have you tried Googling your dreams? Some of them are quite interesting,” Bad adds on, and Dream freezes. *Fuck, if George googles about the portal, he’d be dead. So fucking dead.*

He keeps his cool, and decides to aimlessly open a new tab.

“No, but do you know what it means when someone dies?” George asks, and Dream wants to get out of the call now, and never come back. He wants to run away, but it’d cause suspicion, and Sapnap will definitely catch up on the oddness of the situation. So he forces himself to stay, and *just think of happy thoughts, happy thoughts-*

“Death? That’s interesting,” Bad whistles, and Dream realises that Sapnap has also stopped talking.

“Yeah. It’s, uh-” George pauses, and Dream guesses that he’s trying to collect his own thoughts. “It’s someone close to me who died.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t be asking this much, anyways,” Bad says, and George reassures him that it’s fine.

“Hey, y’all heard of the 1.16 release?” Sapnap changes the topic, and the group continues to talk about Minecraft, unaware that Dream has just barely dodged an arrow that’s going straight for his head.

\*

“Dream?”

It’s only the two of them left in the call. Bad had left because he has to go to bed, and Sapnap due to homework. Dream kind of misses the presence of his other friends, because he doesn’t want all the attention on himself, but he craves the solo interaction with George, so really, he’s a hypocrite. He hums back.

“I don’t want to lose you,” George whispers, and he sounds so fragile that Dream wants to pull him into his arms and give him a hug. George sounds so scared, so terrified, and it makes Dream sad.

“Hey, I’m not going anywhere, okay? Not in a million years,” Dream softens his tone, hoping that it’ll comfort George to a certain extent. “Why did you say that?”

“I’m just paranoid and the dream- nightmare- sorry, I was just scared, that’s all.”

“I’m not going to die from a gunshot, George. Don’t worry about that,” Dream lets out a chuckle, waiting for George’s response, but George stayed silent. “George?”

“How did you know?”

“Know about what?” Dream fiddles with his hoodie string.

“How did you know you died from a gunshot in my dream?”

*Oh. Shit.*

“Lucky guess?” Dream laughs nervously, trying to cover up his trail.

“Seriously? That’s your first guess?” George asks, and Dream confirms.

“Welcome to America.” His humour falls flat, and there’s an awkward tension surrounding the both of them.

“Well, okay. Then, explain this.”

George sends him a screenshot, and Dream’s heart does a somersault off the tallest cliff of the world as he sees the familiar portal on the right side of the Google screen.

“Uh…”

“Do you have anything to say?” George says quietly.

Dream stays silent, the cogs in his mind turning as quickly as possible. Should he lie his way through this? He stares at his screen again, and reads the page.

‘Dreamwalkers normally use the portal to exit a dream. So, if you see a purple portal in your dreams, your dream is certainly being walked’

*Well, shit.* He can’t squirm his way through this now, can he? The answer is right in front of his face, screaming at him, and George is waiting for his answer, waiting for him to admit it.

“Dream, tell me the truth. Right now.”

“It’s right there on Google,” Dream tries to retaliate, but George only lets out an annoyed sigh.

“You damn well know what I mean, Dream! Stop trying to hide shit from me!”

“Well, I’m sorry I don’t want to get judged! No one’s exactly proud to be a dreamwalker, and I don’t walk around announcing that-”

“You could’ve at least *told* me!”

Dream clenches his teeth, frustrated. “What, tell you what, exactly? That I’m the most *disrespectful* person alive and that society hates me just because I’m born with something that I can’t control? Is that what you wanted to hear? That I need to walk other people’s dreams just to fucking survive? And that no one really wants us to be around?”

“That’s not what I mean-”

“What exactly do you mean then, huh? Tell me, George, *tell me.*”

“If you would listen to me and shut the fuck up for one second, you’d know, because I don’t give a fuck that you’re a walker, okay? I don’t care that you’re a walker, and I don’t look at you that way. I know you as Dream, and fell in love with Dream, and you’re still you. But it’s- it’s fucking hard to date someone who I don’t even know fully. Hell, I don’t even know what you look like, and-”

“So you’re saying that you value looks over personality?” Dream asks quietly.

“Dream, no! Stop, and listen to me. There’s a reason why I agreed to be your boyfriend, and that’s because I like you for you. But, I’m- I’m *sick* and *tired* of the fact that you’re hiding so much from

me, and I don't- I feel like I'm oversharing when you're just keeping it all to yourself. I don't know, Dream, I- I feel like I'm not trusted enough, and that's what sinks most relationships.

I don't even know half of you, and you seem to have this- this entire fucking wall up against me or something, I don't know. I feel like you don't feel secure around me, that I'm not reliable enough. You barely tell me anything about you, and sure, we have our own conversations outside of videos, but I- I don't know, they don't feel enough.

You seem to have your guard up a lot around me, and whenever I ask about it you just laugh it off like it's some kind of fucking joke. So yeah, you want to hear this? Here you go, Dream," George snaps, and Dream can hear how hard he's breathing.

And Dream knows that it's true, that relationships go both ways. Each party has to contribute, and if one of them doesn't pull their weight, the entire ship will sink and all that'll be left is heartbreaks and ugly disasters. In a relationship, communication is key, and the both of them seem to be lacking in that area. Dream closes his eyes, and leans back onto his chair.

He hates being vulnerable, but if he wants to be a good boyfriend- hell, a good *friend*- to George, then he's going to have to buck up.

"What do you want to know?" Dream asks.

"What?"

"What do you want to know more about?"

Dream can hear George thinking, and he feels self-conscious all of a sudden. To open up his heart is to be vulnerable, and that's a key to a successful relationship, which Dream hates. He's not in front of a camera, sure, but he just doesn't like to be exposed, to let other people dig around in his heart and soul, because others might see the dark side of him, the bad side, and leave.

And he doesn't want anyone to leave him.

"Why did you walk my dreams?"

*Of course that's what he's going to ask.* Dream should've anticipated it.

"Because I want to feel closer to you. I want to be with you, like, physically, and that's the only way I know how. Sure, I can fly out, or I can fly you in, but I- I don't know, I just wanted to be with you faster, I guess."

*Great, he's going to judge me for it, isn't he?*

"Oh."

"If it bothers you, I won't do it again--"

"No, wait," George cuts him off. "I don't mind you walking my dreams, but can you... can you tell me beforehand? Just so that I know?"

Truth is, Dream shouldn't be doing it again, and he should really stop because the second walk is already risky enough, but Dream is intoxicated, and he wants more, more, *more*. He's greedy, and he will take every second with George.

"Okay, uhm. That's... good to know?"

“Wait, dreamwalkers can’t walk someone’s dreams twice, can they? Google says they can’t.”

“Well, they can, but it’s just a matter of fact of whether they want to or not,” Dream explains, and he feels ashamed for lying to George again, but George seems to buy it.

*I’m such a horrible person.*

“Why are you so... scared around me? Like, why are you so closed off?”

Dream sucks in a breath, and he runs his hand through his hair in an attempt to calm down.

“Because I- I hate to be vulnerable. I hate the fact that I’m weak, and I need help. I know other people have the same problems and stuff and I probably won’t get laughed at when I ask for help, but I feel like they’re gonna judge me because I- I’m stupid, or something. I don’t know, I just don’t want to seem weak, I guess. An ego issue.”

“Your ego is too big for you to handle?” George asks, and Dream laughs.

“Well, when you put it that way...”

“It’s true!” George insists, earning a wheeze from Dream. “No, but seriously. No one’s gonna judge you for asking questions, and if they do they’re just stupid and judgemental and dumb, alright?”

“I get that, but I don’t know. It’s a mental barrier for me, I might need some time,” Dream confesses, and takes a sip of water.

“It’s alright. I know how hard those are. I’ll be here, okay Dream?”

The fire of George's outburst is still burning Dream alive, but it has cooled down a little, the comfort from George acting as an extinguisher. It's ironic, really, because George is the one that started this flame of anxiety, yet he's the one who's slowly putting it out.

The situation is still tense, but it eases a little. A small step towards rebuilding their relationship.

Dream smiles. “Love you, George.”

“Love you.”

\*

George seems a little different after his outburst. He seems more relaxed, more himself, and Dream realises that it’s he himself who has been dragging George down. He feels bad, and wants to break it off, but he realises that for this to work, he must work on himself.

You can’t love others if you can’t even love yourself first.

The talks still continue, both boys showing their vulnerable and emotional side to each other. They work on their problems together, George helping Dream to be more vulnerable and Dream helping George with his trust issues.

Of course, no one is perfect, and everybody is born with flaws. And sure, Dream is still a coward at times, and George is still doubtful, but they’re taking baby steps to improvement, which is the most important part in a relationship. They push each other out of their own comfort zone, and they achieve greater heights together, because now Dream feels a little better about himself, and George isn’t as skeptical as before.



Dream learns that relationships take time and effort, and relationships are *hard*.

But he hears George laugh at something stupid off-camera, and he realises that maybe, maybe all the hardships are worth it after all.

\*

“Can I walk your dreams today?”

The words sound so foreign, because Dream has never had to ask permission to walk a dream before. George goes quiet on the other end, and Dream is worried that he has ruined the entire atmosphere.

“Sure.”

The approval is enough, and they move on to talking about their childhood, and George shares a story on how he almost died in a pool.

“It just shows how stupid you are.”

“I was like, six, leave me alone!”

“I can tell your IQ never changed.”

“Dream!”

## Chapter End Notes

ngl this chapter kinda hit too close to home which is why it's this long haha smile

i havent watched the MCC stream (probably dont have time to do so) but ive heard some shit went down, so uh

this is awkward

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

lmao 'i wont update as much bc i have to study for my exams' yeah sure  
cant believe im a liar smh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The ground seems to be softer as it cushions Dream's landing, and he realises that George is aware of his arrival, leading to the more rendered and detailed surroundings around him. He shivers a little, the fact that George knows causing him to be exposed.

He hates it, but feels a tad bit better, because George is different. He always is.

He walks forward, and he crosses his arms in front of him to make himself feel less self-conscious. The cold plastic of the mask comforts him a little as it shields his face, and he tries to relax a little.

He looks around, and he sees that the shade of the tree is just slightly off, and the yellow sky in front of him is abnormal. He picks up a leaf, and the green is so *slightly* dull that it looks like a shitty version of yellow, and-

Oh.

This is how George views the world.

Dream looks up, and the sky is painted with various shades of yellow, and it almost makes him sick how George is never able to view the beautiful sunset, or the rainbow. George never got to experience the full beauty of the world, and yet here Dream is, taking nature's colours for granted. It's kind of... sad, actually. To not be able to look at the same world as others.

A blue flower catches his eye, sticking out among the yellow. He walks towards it, and bends down, admiring it. He reaches out to touch it, stroking its petals softly.

"Welcome to my world."

Dream jumps at the words, and almost steps on the flower. He turns around, and there George stands, wearing a grey shirt with jeans. His brown hair is floofed carelessly, and *holy shit, he's right there. He's here.*

"Hi," George chuckles awkwardly, wringing his wrist as he looks away, a shy smile forming. Dream can't help but stare, because George is in front of him, and they're meeting, and *goddamn he's so... he's here.*

Dream stands up and almost falls over, but he catches himself almost immediately, his eyes not leaving George. He slowly moves towards the shorter boy, and the ground suddenly doesn't seem as stable anymore, and his hands are trembling a little, but George is here, right in front of him. He senses George's nervousness, but it mixes with his own, and Dream doesn't know whose feelings it is anymore as they entwine together as one.

He reaches out, George watching his movements, and Dream hears his heartbeat in his ears. He places his hand on George's cheek, and George leans into his touch. The small smile that George is giving him makes him weak, his insides turning into jelly.

*God, I fell so hard, didn't I?*

"You're... here," Dream speaks, his voice shaking a little. He doesn't quite trust himself yet, his walls still up, but he reminds himself that it's George, he's safe, and no one can hurt the both of them because he's here, with George. Nothing else matters except for now.

"Yes, I am."

"How did you find me?"

George shrugs. "It's simple? I mean, the flower is the one to catch my attention first, and I- you were there."

Dream lets his hand wander, and it finds itself running through George's hair. George slaps it away, which earns a smile from Dream as George whines about it. The tingly feelings in his stomach grow, and on impulse, Dream wraps his arms around George, whom soon reciprocates his actions.

"Holy shit, you're here. With me."

"Seriously, Dream, how hard is it to grasp that concept?" George retorts, and Dream gives him a playful punch. He can't stop smiling, and he feels so giddy with love. His boyfriend, he's here.

"Shut up. I just... I don't know, I'm happy."

"You better be."

"How do you not know I'm fake? Like the Dream you saw in your nightmare?"

George bites his lip, and Dream melts internally. "You have a mask, which he usually doesn't. And I don't know, you seem so... shocked? To see me? He'd usually just say hi, but you just stood there for about fifteen minutes staring at me."

"You're cute." The words tumble out of Dream's mouth before he can stop himself, his eyes widening at the sudden courage. George's cheeks turn pink, and he rolls his eyes at Dream.

"Look, you've seen me before, okay? I don't change."

"Yeah, but... it's different, I guess. I don't know," Dream looks away, and he feels something warm in between his fingers. His intestines tie knots, and he almost chokes as he looks down at his left hand.

"You're cold," George mutters, focusing on the ground beneath him as he blushes harder, holding Dream's hand. Dream laughs, and moves closer to George, his side almost pressing against him.

"It's because I'm a dreamwalker, idiot."

"Here, I have something to show you."

George leads him away from the main path as they both walk deeper into the sea of trees. Dream's eyes flicker around, trying to take in George's world.

Everything is so yellow, and it's boring, and Dream wonders how George can live with this. The sadness hits him again, and he squeezes George's hand tighter, as if telling him *I'm here, and I'm yours.*

The crashing of waves reaches Dream's ears, and soon they both find themselves arriving at a beach. George lets go of his hand, and instinctively Dream chases the warmth, but he shoves his now free hand into his hoodie pocket instead.

"Here we are," George announces, and turns to Dream.

"Where is this place?"

"It's where I usually go when I'm down, or when I'm bored. A place to run to, you can call that."

*I want to be the place you run to, too.*

George turns back to face the beach, and slowly walks towards the sea. His arms are outstretched, as if he's embracing the wind that's tousling his hair. Dream catches up, internally cringing as he sinks into the sand a little, and he is reminded by how much he hates this place. The salty wind messes with his hair too, but he attempts to flatten it back, to no avail.

He spots a mat nearby, and decides to walk towards it and sit down. George is still enjoying the wind, which gives Dream a perfect view to capture this moment in his mind. The way George is standing, relaxed, his rippling shirt teasing Dream with an outline of his body. The way George basks in the sun, and how he looks so heavenly, and Dream realises how lucky he is to have George.

He sees George turn around, and pats the empty space beside him. George walks back, a smile on his face, seemingly still spaced out from his relaxation. Dream pulls George closer to him once he sits down, and George puts his head on Dream's shoulder. George's hair tickles his neck, but Dream doesn't care. In fact, Dream never wants to leave this position, ever again.

They sit in silence, watching the waves crash and roll back into the sea. It's soothing, and Dream feels like he's falling asleep.

"Dream?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

Dream smiles, and *ah shit, I can't believe I've fallen further again.* The words feel like cotton candy, soft and sweet, and Dream wants to record it, or even bottle it up, so that he can hear it over and over again. They sound so sincere, and Dream knows it's deep from George's heart. *He means it, and it's for me.*

"I love you too," Dream whispers, and he feels like he can fly up into the sky, and never land. He feels like he can dance with angels and fight demons, and he feels invincible. He wraps an arm around George, and his face hurts from how much he's grinning right now. George is the cause of his euphoria, and *this much happiness can't be legal.*

"So... this is our first meetup, huh," George chuckles, and Dream smiles. It is their first meetup, despite it not being in real life (is this in real life? Dream isn't seeing George through a camera, yet he's in his dreams, so really, it's a grey area).

“It really is.”

“I thought it’d go different, y’know? I never thought I’d meet you in... in my dreams,” George confesses. Dream can’t help but let out a laugh. Who would’ve thought that they’d meet their significant others in a dream?

“Well, at least I get to see your perspective of the world.”

“Isn’t it interesting,” George mutters sarcastically under his breath, and he lifts his head from Dream’s shoulder (Dream wishes that he stay there for long, but we can’t get the things we want all the time, do we?) and stares at the waves. “It’s so boring, like it’s just... yellow and *more* yellow, then you see blue occasionally and you get excited because it’s fucking blue.

“I want to see more colours, Dream. I want to be able to see red, green, and- and purple, but I can’t, because of this stupid colourblind thing that I have,” George gestures wildly, and he looks back at Dream, who swears his heart is going to jump out of his throat. “I want to be able to see things normally, and I want to see *you* normally, too.”

“Don’t they have those glasses? What’s that called, the one that fixes your colourblindness?”

“Yeah, but I googled the success rate and-” George sighs. “They say only two out of ten people see an improvement.”

“Hey, you might be part of the two, who knows-”

“Yeah, but, my case is- my case is serious, Dream, so I won’t even know whether it’ll work. What if I get all excited and stuff only to see the same goddamn shit that I’ve been seeing for my entire life? I’d rather not get my hopes up first than let myself down.”

“George, look at me,” Dream shifts so that he can see George, and George looks so sad, as if the entire world had let him down, so Dream reaches out and puts his hand above George’s. “If it doesn’t work, we’ll try different things, okay? I don’t care how much it costs, but if it’s for you, I’ll do it.”

“You’re just saying it...”

“C’mon, George. I’ll do my best to let you see colours again, okay? And when you’re able to see, I’ll bring you around the world.”

“But you *are* my world,” George smirks, and Dream groans.

“I take all that back. I’m not helping you anymore.”

*Well, that’s a fucking lie.*

George rolls his eyes, and Dream continues. “Anyways, looking at piss all day isn’t that bad.”

“Dream!” George smacks Dream, but the smile in his eyes and the laughter escaping from his lips reveals his true feelings. “What- piss? Seriously? Is that seriously what you think of?”

Dream doesn’t answer, because he’s too busy laughing and wheezing his lungs out. George mumbles ‘idiot’ and shifts away from Dream, but Dream pulls him back in.

“No, come back! George!”

“You literally just insulted my handicap, I’m breaking up with-” George was cut off by Dream’s

embrace, and Dream chuckles.

“Nope, breakup failed.”

“Idiot,” George repeats, but Dream only smiles.

“Well, if I can make it up to you...” Dream looks away, and he feels nervous, because this is something that he hasn’t done before. His fingers trail to the bottom of his mask, hesitation stopping his move. What if George doesn’t like how he looks, and decides to actually break up with him? Or George will judge him, or leave him?

“Dream?” George’s voice snaps Dream away from his self-doubt that threatens to drown him, and Dream glances at George, uncertainty causing him to look down. George, however, lifts Dream’s chin up, and Dream is once again met with the soft brown eyes that eases his worries. “You don’t have to show me if you’re not ready, alright?”

“No, I want to do this.” The persistence in Dream’s voice shocks himself, but it withers away almost immediately. “Can- can you not judge me?”

“I promise I won’t.”

Dream closes his eyes (as if that’s gonna help, dumbass) and lifts the mask up, yanking it over his head. The ocean breeze hits his face, caressing his hair as if to soothe him, and when he doesn’t hear George say anything, his mind jumps to the worst conclusion.

*He hates me, doesn’t he?*

And a pair of lips are suddenly on his, causing him to gasp loudly in shock and open his eyes. George sits back almost immediately, his face now red as he looks at Dream.

“What colour are your eyes?”

“Green,” Dream says. “Can you do that again?”

“What?”

“You know what I’m talking about.”

George leans forward, this time slower, his movement more timid as his eyes fleet between Dream and his hands. Sighing, Dream pulls the front of George’s shirt, and closes the distance between them.

And Dream swears that he can hear fireworks going off. His heart is an entire mess as it crashes around his ribcage, and his mind is blank. He drinks in the kiss, and pulls away a little, only to be pulled back in by George. He shifts a little, and he doesn’t know where his hands are supposed to go, so he places one beside him to support himself while the other tangles around George’s hair. George hums in approval, and Dream can feel his hands on either side of Dream’s face, and they’re pressed so close together that they can feel each other’s heartbeats.

They pull away, and Dream almost forgets how to *breathe*. He pants, and looks at George, and chuckles. George, too, seems to be high off of what had happened seconds ago, his hair is a mess, but Dream likes it that way.

“Now that’s easy, isn’t it?”

“Shut up.”

Dream smirks.

“You aren’t going to say ‘make me’?”

“If you want to kiss me, just ask for it, I’m pretty sure I’d be happy to comply.”

George rolls his eyes, but he leans forward nonetheless and kisses Dream again.

\*

“Do you really not mind my looks?”

They’re playing on their own world right now, the duo trying to practice speedrunning as Dream guides George. George scoffs, and Dream swears that he is rolling his eyes right now. “Why would I? You look cute.”

“But if I don’t?”

“Dream,” George says, his shitty microphone causing Dream to cringe a little. “I don’t care how you look. I love you, okay? Nothing’s gonna change it.”

“How about this?” Dream moves his character so that it ends up behind George, and pours a bucket of lava over him.

“Dream!” The loud screams from George covers up Dream’s cackles. George puts water all over himself to extinguish the flames. “I hate you.”

“Love you too.”

\*

““Hey, Dream. I love your vids, they always make me smile a lot, especially when I’m sad. Is there any particular reason why you decided to do Youtube? Also, say hi to George for me.” Hey George, Abel says hi to you,” Dream reads out the donation, and George says hi back.

“Uh,” Dream uses the time to recollect his thoughts as his character fights off some zombies. “I mean, it’s kind of generic, like, y’know, to make people laugh and stuff? I love to see other people happy, which is why I try to make as much content as possible.

“But personally, it’s because I want to be remembered, y’know? Like yeah, sure, I’d like to think that I’d be remembered regardless, but I want to have an impact on others? Like on a bigger audience. That probably sounds a bit selfish, but yeah. Those are the uh... main reasons why I did Youtube, so there you go.”

“Are you sure it’s not because you think it’s cool?” George asks, and Dream rolls his eyes.

“Just because you do Youtube doesn’t mean you’re cool, you know that right?” Dream makes his way back to base, and takes out a sign. He places the sign on the wall above his bed.

“Well, yeah, but I’d assume that because everyone wants to do it mainly because of that reason,” George points out.

“Eh, not for me though.” Dream clicks ‘enter’, and sees George make his way to Dream’s side.

“Seriously? ‘Dream was here’? That’s kinda WeirdChamp.” George punches Dream, and Dream returns it, and George screams because he’s on one heart.

Dream chases George around, the sign forgotten as the cat and mouse game begins.

## Chapter End Notes

single gang rise up (i dont know shit about relationships)

and yeah, i actually went to research on protanopia. i'm supposed to be studying, but well... let's just say that a toddler can focus better than me

i actually searched up protanopia simulation so that i can find out how george views the world and be able to write it better. even googled about whether colorblind people see colours in their dreams or not can you tell how stupid i am

but yes, i hope you enjoyed it

The Chapter should be coming soon



## Chapter 9

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey, you know the colourblind glasses that we talked about? Echro or something?”

“Enchroma glasses, yeah. Why?” George asks, and Dream hears shuffling from the other end as George moves to his bed. Dream just swivels in his chair.

“You’re strong Protan, right?”

“Dream? Are you planning something?” George catches up, but Dream only lets out a chuckle. Although he knows that George has seen through him, he still tries to keep the mystery up.

“No...” He drags the ‘o’, and George laughs, covering his mouth with his hand. Dream googles the site, and decides to pick a frame for George.

“Dream, c’mon. Are you getting me the glasses?”

“Heh... what makes you think that?”

George sounds like a small kid who has discovered the wonders of the world. “You’re asking me questions that is only useful for that. Plus, my birthday is coming up. It’s a dead giveaway.”

“Sure, idiot.” Dream orders the glasses. “Give me your address.”

“You’re not gonna fly here and murder me, are you?” George mumbles, but Dream hears the familiar notification alert from Discord, and copy-pastes the address that George has sent into the shipping address.

“Maybe I will. Minecraft manhunt, but in real life. Anyways, you should be receiving a package soon,” Dream smiles, and looks back at the camera. George is rolling his eyes, the fond smile still present on his face.

*He deserves to see the world.*

“You’re such an idiot.”

“Ouch,” Dream mutters, leaning back into his chair. He grabs a white blob from his bed, and proceeds to hug it tightly against him.

“Dream plushie!”

Dream chuckles, and puts his head on top of his plush, squishing it a little. “I’m gonna release it soon. I don’t know if people will buy a blob, though.”

“People will literally buy anything, you know that. Besides, it’s cute,” George comments, and stretches. Dream hums in agreement as he watches George cuddle his hoodie. “When are we going to meet again?”

“You wanna meet tonight?” Dream suggests. He hasn’t dreamwalked in days, and he is starting to feel the effects kick in. At first it’s barely anything, just occasional yawning, but now fatigue is slowly clouding his head despite him trying to disperse it. “I need to walk anyway.”

George nods, and rolls around so that he is snuggling comfortably in his blanket. The phone illuminates George's face, a stark contrast against the dark background. George tilts his head to his left, his brown eyes shining like a star in the night sky, and Dream falls, once again.

He's sure that at this rate, bruises are going to blossom all over his heart and one day, he's just not going to get up. But George is there to catch him, George is there to hold him back up, and Dream wonders how he's so lucky to have someone who loves him back, and he wonders what he did to deserve such an angel.

He hates heights, but if heights show his love for George, he doesn't mind falling off the Empire State Building everyday.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Huh?"

"You have that... look when you're thinking. Like you just zone off," George points out.

"Nothing, just how much I love you."

George's face turns a deeper shade of red as he grabs a nearby pillow and screams into it.

"I hate you so much."

Dream only wheezes.

\*

Dream feels weird.

It's almost midnight, and his room feels eerily quiet apart from the drumming of rain on his windows. He looks at Patches, who is curled up into a ball, her eyes wide.

She looks scared, and Dream finds that concerning. He reaches over to pat her, but she only hisses in return, her paw raised as a warning.

"Girl, chill," Dream mutters, and decides to leave her alone. He can't shake away the weird sensation, as if someone is watching him. He feels paranoid and stupid at the same time, because his curtains are drawn and there's no way someone could look through the opaque fabric.

His back feels cold, but he dismisses it and blames it on the cool weather instead, but something is nagging at the back of his mind. He fishes out his phone, and texts Sapnap.

*Dream: hey, you on?*

When he receives no response, he assumes that Sapnap is either busy or asleep, so he leaves a few messages.

*Dream: guess not*

*Dream: if anything happens to me, tell george that i love him, okay?*

Sending that without context seems concerning, so he decides to add on to the message.

*Dream: i feel like someone's watching me or something*

*Dream: it's probably just paranoia, i dont know*

*Dream: you can tease me about it if you want in the morning*

*Dream: ill send you my address if something actually happens*

*Dream: or you can use it to your advantage*

He sends him one block of text that he copy-pasted from previous messages.

*Dream: i think ill be fine, unless i dont respond to your messages in like 3 days*

*Dream: which is probably unlikely bc im on my phone for like half the day lol*

Dream shuts down his phone, but turns it on immediately after.

*Dream: love you, buddy*

He puts his phone on his nightstand, and holds George's hoodie.

It seems so... cold, and artificial, and Dream feels like it's a warning sign for him. He shudders, and he recalls the tales of the Corrupted again.

Is it really worth it to risk walking another of George's dreams again? Sure, he has walked three, and he hasn't encountered any Corrupteds yet (if they even exist), but is he really going to push his luck again? What if he puts George in danger?

But there is no actual evidence of Corrupteds existing, and usually when people die in their sleep, it has always been due to previous existing health conditions. Dream's pretty sure he's healthy, and so is George.

He tames his racing mind, and reassures himself that nothing bad is ever going to happen.

He closes his eyes.

\*

Silence.

It's so loud that Dream can hear his own breathing, and he feels lonely. He takes a step forward, only to narrowly miss the cliff. Small rocks break apart due to his weight, and Dream hops to a safer area as he looks down.

It's pitch black. There's nothing in it, and the rocks that fell never echoed back.

*What?*

Dream looks behind him, and he sees a small house, a patch of forest covering the lower half. He walks towards the house, following the rocky path underneath it.

The path doesn't change. Instead, Dream feels as if the bottom of his feet is stabbed by small, prickly needles.

The forest seems to haunt him, their ghostly shadow following his back as they watch him bypass them. It sends a shiver down his spine: he feels like he's being watched. He turns around, his eyes darting around frantically, and a bat flies out, giving Dream a heart attack. He quickens his pace, not wanting to stay in the forest for long.

He reaches the house, and looks at the nicely painted exterior. A garden greets him at the front yard, and he looks around, admiring the nice gardening work.

"Dream?"

Dream follows the source of the voice, and he sees George. He smiles as George approaches him,

the little twinkle in his brown eyes shining brighter than ever.

“Where is this place?”

“My old house,” George answers.

“The garden looks amazing, who did it?” Dream compliments, and George grins, but Dream notices that the smile doesn’t quite reach his eyes.

“It’s my mum. Gardening is what she’s best at. Come, let me show you more flowers.”

George drags Dream by the hand, and upon contact, Dream almost recoils at how cold George is. George, however, doesn’t flinch, tightening his grip on Dream instead as he drags him to the backyard.

The backyard is filled with more bushes as flowers are dotted everywhere. Potted plants sit on the windowsill, vibrant and full of life, and a birdbath is displayed proudly in the middle. White picket fences barricade the garden, shielding it from potential predators.

“Wow.”

“Indeed. I want to show you my favourite flower, c’mon.”

Dream follows George around, and listens as George points out the various types of flora around him. Despite his numerous tries to focus, there is something that keeps distracting him. Perhaps it’s the feeling of George’s ice cold hand, or the fact that instead of his wrist, George’s hand is clamped over his watch, and George ranting on about *flowers? Really? He doesn't talk this much when he's excited*. Dream frowns a little. Everything about this seems... off.

As George rambles on, Dream quickly steps on his shoelaces, untying his right shoe. George is still dragging him around, apparently eager to show him the flower. He zones back into the conversation again.

“... and roses? They’re the prettiest flowers ever, especially the red ones. Not gonna lie, yellow and black are good too, but red definitely has the upper hand. Oh, the tulips are not bad too-”

*Wait.*

“Uh, George? Can you, uh- can you let go of my hand for a moment? My shoelaces came off, I gotta tie them back,” Dream interrupts George, and George lets go of his hand. “You can go ahead if you want to, I’m pretty sure I can find you.”

As George takes the bait and moves on, Dream kneels down and ties his shoelaces. He glances at his right wrist where his watch is.

12:00 am

He goes rigid, and a spark of electricity shoots down his spine, and he has to leave, *now*. He stands up, his head spinning a little, and he looks in front of him, where George’s back is still facing him.

It’s not George. He’s not George.

He has to leave.

He takes one step backwards, then two, then he turns around and runs as fast as his legs are able to carry him, away from ~~George~~, away from the garden. The flowers wilt behind him as he passes

them, and the branches of the trees trip him, beckoning him to *please, stay a little longer, we won't hurt you.*

And he says a big, internal 'fuck you' to every single one of them as he sprints along the path, the needle-like feeling intensifying, and soon he feels like he's stepping on a bed of roses. He winces, but he doesn't stop running. He fights against the pain, stubborn to give up.

He reaches the cliffside, and pants. Without wasting a moment, he uses his mind to open up the portal to safety. The purple mist grows bigger and stronger as the swirl comes alive, and he runs towards it.

Except it shatters, and he almost falls into the dark calls of the abyss.

"Oh, Dream~" George calls out to him, and he crouches down, and decides to run behind a tree. He gulps, trying to even his breathing out, and he's fucking *terrified*. He hears footsteps, and *he's done for*.

"Dream, come out to play~" George giggles, his voice containing the occasional static. Dream feels the same adrenaline rushing over him, the familiar sense of fear when he's the speedrunner and he's being chased down during Minecraft Manhunt.

But this time, it's in real life, and Dream isn't so sure he can survive on half a heart for this game.

The footsteps are closer, and they echo loudly in his ears. He hopes that his heartbeat doesn't give him away, his entire body pressing against the trunk of the tree. He freezes as he feels icy fingers trailing down his arm, accompanied by a hot breath of air.

*"Found you."*

## Chapter End Notes

uh oh

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Notes

yall are gonna kill me for this and i apologise in advance

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's mind goes blank, but soon a big, neon red sign blares loudly in his head, yelling at his legs to run. He obeys, yanking his arm away from the cold grasp, and sprints. He doesn't know where he's going, he's stuck on this stupid floating island in the middle of nowhere, but he's determined to try. He's determined to get away from ~~George~~.

If he dies, he will die trying.

The maniacal laughs pierce his ears, and the voice doesn't belong to George anymore, and *where's George?* He attempts to make another portal again in front of him, but it barely even forms when it shatters once again, and the pieces fly in different directions as they disintegrate into the air.

"Dream~" Static fills the air, and the taunt makes Dream want to cry out of frustration. It sounds so much like him, the way he drags out the 'e' in a singsong tune. He's scared.

He's fucking terrified.

"I just want to ~~take care~~ of you, Dream."

"Stop! Leave me alone!" Dream skids to a halt as he nears a cliff. He looks around, and everything is crumbling. The edge of the house's roof breaks into pieces as they fall, and the flowers near his feet are withering and turning into dust. The trees are shaking as branches snap into bits, and Dream almost plummets to death as the ground behind him breaks open.

"You have nowhere to go, Dream. Oh, what are you to do?"

He summons the portal again, but he's tired from the running, and he's weak, but he can't give up. Not like this. The particles don't even come together anymore. They just float away.

This is the end, isn't it?

He runs back to where he came from, away from the cliffside, and turns a sharp left, towards the house while shielding his head from potential debris falling on him. His arms ache as branches scrape his skin, and he hisses in pain as a rock hits him. He looks behind him, and sees red roses blooming in place of dead ones, and he pushes himself to run further, faster, away from the godforsaken flowers.

He fucking hates roses now.

"You can't run forever, can you?"

The voice flickers between George's and his own, as well as a few glitches in between, and Dream is confused and scared. He darts towards the house, but something catches his right foot, and his

heart drops as he falls onto the ground. The gravel underneath him scratches his palms, and he scampers up, glancing behind, only to see red fill his vision.

He's not going to make it.

"Dream, Dream, Dream," ~~George~~ teases, and the roses slowly consume Dream. They start with his feet, then travel up along his legs. He feels thorns biting into him, and he bites on his lip to suppress his whimper. He feels the prickly sensation consume the lower half of the body, and a gasp escapes from him.

"Aha~ are you enjoying this, Dream?"

From his peripheral vision, he sees ~~George~~ walk towards him. The roses are reaching his chest now, and pain consumes him. He tries to pull the roses off of him, but they grow back stronger, twisting around his wrists and pinning him down. He twists and turns, but they are stronger.

He screams out of anguish.

~~George~~ is approaching him, a messy figure full of glitches, laughter metallic. He sounds so cold, so heartless, and Dream resists against the thorns, only for it to dig down on him further.

They're wrapping around his neck now, and Dream takes slow, shallow breaths. His head is buzzing from pain, and that's all his body registers. He gulps, and his Adam's apple grazes the tip of a thorn, and he can't even move his head because the thorns will kill him. The petals tickle him, mocking his pitiful state.

~~George~~ stands over him, and Dream freezes. A familiar mask, though cracked at the edges, is placed over his features, blocking his face, but he can still feel the familiar smirk underneath. Dirty blonde hair, streaked with red, is combed messily, and a dark blue orb sits on his palm.

"Any last questions, Dream?"

He stares into his reflection, petals slowly obscuring his view. He looks into the familiar, green eyes of his.

"Who are you, and where's George?" Dream whispers, and petals make their way into his mouth, and he almost chokes. He coughs, and as he breathes in, petals clog his airway. His eyes widen, and red is all he can see.

"Oh, me?"

Dream struggles, and he tries to breathe in through his nose, but the stupid fucking flowers are everywhere. He's suffocating. He needs air.

"I'm your other half, silly boy."

His mind slowly blanks, and he feels dizzy. His eyes slowly start to close. He's losing consciousness.

"I'm Nightmare."

\*

*What the hell?*

Dream slowly stirs awake, and he blinks to focus. He feels his arms behind him, and a powerful

restrain on his wrists prevent him from using his hands. His hair falls in front of him, and he blows it up. Relief washes over him as he realises that he can breathe normally again, but he coughs anyway. He looks down.

There's nothing, and fear plagues Dream. He's floating in the middle of nowhere.

"You're finally awake."

His head whips around, and he sees Nightmare floating, and what the fuck is going on? He stares at the cracked mask, and it only smiles back at him.

"Y'know, you're smart, aren't you? You led me away with the two dreams before coming back," Nightmare laughs, and the static hurts Dream's ears. He looks away.

"So, pretty boy. Usually I'd kill you, but I have other... deals, yes, to make with you." Nightmare nears him, and Dream recoils a little. "Look at me."

Dream resists. He stares at a dust particle, which angers Nightmare. He growls, and forcefully tilts Dream to look at him. They hold eye contact, and Dream doesn't want to think about the fact that he is staring into his own eyes. It's kind of creepy, how hostility is burning in Nightmare's gaze, as if he's a wolf ready to tear Dream into shreds.

Dream knows Nightmare can tear him into shreds, but he doesn't show his weakness. He's stubborn, and he will not show his weakness.

Not now.

"Still won't speak, huh?" Nightmare chuckles, and shakes his head. "Stubborn, but I know the exact thing that'll make you spill everything."

He snaps his fingers, and a black cloud covers Dream's eyes. Once it parts, he sees a figure slumped forward, his hands tied behind his back, and Dream's heart falls.

"George!"

"So you do speak," Nightmare smirks, and Dream curses himself internally. He doesn't show his weakness, because he doesn't have to. His weakness is right in front of him, slowly stirring awake.

"Dream?"

"I'd say, you have quite the taste," Nightmare walks towards George, and Dream feels his heart plummet as Nightmare traces a finger down George's cheek. "He's... something else."

"Leave him alone!" Dream growls, and struggles against the restraints, but they burn his wrists in return. He hisses, and George looks around, confused. "George!"

Nightmare lets his hand drop to the side, and a cloth appears. He stuffs it into George's mouth, and George shakes his head furiously in an attempt to get it out.

"So, here's the deal, *Dream*," Nightmare snarls his name. "You can give up, and let me take over your body, and I'll release George."

"No."

Nightmare laughs. "Well, I guess I'll kill you two then." He appears in front of George, who widens his eyes in fear as he spots the knife.



“Wait, no! Don’t touch him!” Dream yells, his heart racing. *What am I doing? I almost killed George!* “Just kill me, I don’t care. Release him. Let George go.”

“No can do, buddy.”

Dream bargains to stall Nightmare as he tries to think of different ways to escape this current situation. He needs to find a way to get out of the restraints, and even if he does, he isn’t sure whether he’ll plummet to his death, or float around. Either way, he wants to get George out of here, and himself too if that’s possible.

“Where are we?”

“Limbo.” Nightmare answers as he raises his knife again.

“Stop! Okay, I’ll accept it, god. Leave him alone!”

Nightmare’s arm stops moving, and he chuckles, releasing the knife. It drops into the void, and the darkness below accepts its small snack, though it is hungry for a more filling meal. Dream doesn’t want to fall prey to it, and he definitely doesn’t want George to die, too.

“Under one condition: I want to talk to George, first.”

A quick snap of Nightmare’s fingers causes the gag to disappear, and George gasps in relief. Dream’s heart hurts from the pain that he has put George through, and he feels his restraints coming off, too.

He doesn’t fall, which is great, and he makes his way to George, and he sees that George is crying, which isn’t good. Dream glances behind him, and Nightmare is picking at his fingers.

“Alone,” Dream adds on, and Nightmare rolls his eyes.

“You have two minutes.”

As soon as Nightmare disappears, George’s restraints fall away, and they both collapse into each other as George starts sobbing. Dream hushes him, trying to calm him down, his nerves growing as time ticks pass.

“George, listen-”

“Dream, why are you so stupid! Stop sacrificing yourself! That was such a stupid deal, why’d you accept it!” George is yelling now, but Dream hears heartbreak behind those words, and he wants to cry, too. He stops himself.

“George, look, I’m gonna be fine, okay? I’m gonna get us out of here, I promise,” Dream caresses George’s face, wiping some of his tears away, and George just looks at him in a way that causes butterflies to appear in his stomach, and Dream wants to kiss him.

So he does.

It’s probably the last kiss he’s going to get from George, so he savours it as much as possible. He presses his lips against George’s desperately, and he feels George do the same, and Dream feels tears flowing down his face. He lets his hand run through George’s hair, and he feels George touching his body, but he doesn’t care. He needs to remember this, and he kisses George harder, drinking it in as much as possible.

Dream is the first one to break it, and George whimpers as he tries to chase him back. Dream lets out a small laugh, and looks at George again, silently capturing the view.

"I don't want to lose you," George admits, and the sentence shatters the remains of his heart. He feels George's hands on his face, his fingers desperate to memorise his features, and holds George's hands.

"I'm gonna get us out of here, okay George? We're gonna be fine," Dream reassures George again, and looks into George's eyes. "I love you."

"Time's up, lovebirds," Nightmare interrupts, and Dream lets go of George, and he beats himself up at how George looks so weak, so scared, and it's all because of him. He caused George to suffer, and he will never let himself live this down.

He stands up, and tries to gather a fireball in his hand. It works, and it glows dangerously, illuminating both Dream's and George's face.

"I'm ready."

He turns around and throws the fireball at Nightmare, but he dodges easily. Broken laughter rings in Dream's ears as Nightmare ascends.

"You wanna play this game, huh?" Nightmare summons a black fireball, and it looks ominous enough that Dream regrets his decision. He puts an arm in front of George and stares Nightmare down.

"Fine, two can play this game!" Nightmare announces, and the fireball barely misses his face as it flies into the void. Dream feels himself getting pulled towards Nightmare, and he growls, summoning another fireball.

"You can't beat me, Dream! I'm too powerful!"

Dream stays silent as he wills his mind to cast the fireball at Nightmare, barely missing his torso. He curses silently, and dodges another one that's aimed at him. He puts an arm behind him, where George is, and tries to create a portal.

A black fireball hits the purple swirl, and it breaks into a million pieces.

*Fuck.* He has to find a way to distract Nightmare so that he can create the portal for George to escape, but with long ranged weapons, it's going to take quite some time before one of them is worn out.

And judging by how Dream's head is starting to hurt, it doesn't look like he's winning the fight.

"Aw, Dream, getting tired, aren't we?" A fireball sits in Nightmare's palm, and he casts it.

Except, it doesn't go to Dream. Instead, it's directed towards George, who has somehow managed to stray away from Dream.

"George!" Dream dives in front of George, and it hits his stomach. Dream feels relieved, but soon his body is on fire, and he curls up on himself. He lets out a whimper, and he feels hands on him, but it doesn't work. He feels like he can pass out, but he tries to focus on George.

If he passes out, the both of them are done for. George is going to be stuck here (he doesn't trust Nightmare on the deal of sending George back) and he's...

Oh.

Nightmare needs Dream alive in order for him to take over his body. That's why Nightmare hasn't killed him yet: he needs Dream to be at least semi-conscious for them to swap places. The fireballs that he has been sending out are just to weaken Dream enough to take over his body, but he still needs Dream to make the portal for him to go through.

Basically, if he dies, Nightmare goes, too.

He knows what to do now.

Wincing, he stands up, and he sees Nightmare howling in laughter above him. His mind is foggy, and he realises that he's not going to last long. He has to do this quickly if he wants to save George and himself, or at least George.

He clenches his teeth as he summons his last fireball, and throws it at Nightmare sluggishly. Nightmare easily dodges it, a victorious smirk plastered onto his face.

"You're dead, Dream! You're done for!"

Dream almost lets out a laugh. Despite the differences in their looks, their personality is almost the same. Both of them like to taunt, and both of them are determined to get what they want.

And the both of them celebrate victory, probably way too early.

He lets Nightmare walk towards him, and he can feel George behind him. He puts a hand on George, and with the last of his powers, summon the portal behind George. As the purple particles gather and pool around, Nightmare shatters it again.

Dream feels so fucking tired.

"You do realise he's going to forget you, right?" Nightmare smiles, a dangerous glint in his eyes, and Dream's heart is lodged at his throat. "Once he enters the portal, he won't remember a single thing about you, and isn't that your greatest fear? For people to forget you?"

One step, then two.

*George is going to forget you, Dream's thoughts echo in his head. He's going to forget all about you, and it's your fault. You deserved it.*

But what if Nightmare is lying to him, just to keep George in here? What if he's just constructing pretty little lies, to wrap George and Dream around his fingers, and to toy them around like a cat with a mouse before she eats it?

It's a risk, but it's the kind of risk that Dream is willing to take. He doesn't care if George doesn't remember him, because he wants to get George out of this mess.

Besides, it's probably better if George doesn't remember this.

Dream's heart aches, and he feels George's grip on his wrist tighten. It's as if George is reading his mind, because soon he's whispering for Dream to not do it, and that he'd rather the both of them die together than for him to forget about Dream.

But Dream is stubborn. He's selfish, and stubborn, and once his mind is made up, he doesn't change it.

“So, Dream, ready to accept defeat?”

Dream fights away the fog in his mind, and with a loud yell, he pounces on Nightmare, punching him across the face. He creates another portal behind George, and soon he’s yelling for George to get in, to hurry the *fuck* up.

A fireball hits Dream, and he’s thrown across the empty space, and he lands far from George, far from the portal. He sees George scream, and he can’t even hear him scream anymore, because his body is consumed by fatigue and pain that everything is slowly shutting down. Nightmare is on the other end, ready to enter the portal, and George is running to him.

Dream sees an opportunity.

He shatters the portal in front of Nightmare, causing him to roar in anger. He’s lying down, and his hands are shaking so much that he’s sure that the plan is going to fail, and that he’s going to end up trapping George and himself in this stupid, cold place.

*Focus, dumbass.*

George is nearing him, but Nightmare is too, and it’s now or never.

With his last strength, Dream summons a portal in front of George. George doesn’t see it, and for once, Dream thanks the colourblindness that George has. The portal opens up, and George’s eyes widen, and he tries to stop, but momentum carries him forward and soon, he’s through.

*He’s through.*

A dark silhouette grows bigger, and Dream can’t keep his eyes open for anymore longer.

He knows he can’t make it, because the portal is too far, and he’s too tired to even move, and he just wants to close his eyes and rest. He sees Nightmare approach the portal.

Dream shatters it, and closes his eyes.

He’s slowly losing consciousness, and he barely registers Nightmare’s howls of loss, and *defeat*.

Nightmare is defeated.

Dream smiles. He lets go, and falls into the welcoming arms of darkness.

## Chapter End Notes

holy shit, this chapter took way too long to write. i got stuck on the first paragraph (yes, i didnt know how to start) and i scrapped some ideas away.

i hope you find this chapter okay, or at least somewhat decent? i’d admit, action scenes are not my strong suit, and there's probably a few plot holes here and there where either Night/Dream can escape but didnt, and for that, i apologise.

i hope you enjoyed this

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

oof im sorry for not updating for a week i had tests to focus on  
but here it is, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing George feels when he wakes up is his splitting headache. He stirs a little, and his eyes flutter open slowly. A groan slips out of his mouth, and a shadow looms over him.

“George, you’re awake!”

“Sap?”

“Hold on, let me call the doctors. Don’t move,” Sapnap commands, and leaves the room. George hears a faint holler from outside the hallway, which is soon replaced by apologies, and he chuckles, rolling his eyes.

God, Sapnap can be such an idiot at times.

He sees his friend enter with a doctor, who immediately goes to the machines and checks for any abnormalities. Once he finishes double checking his clipboard, he goes to George.

“Do you feel anything wrong? Like headaches or stuff?”

“Headache, yeah, but otherwise I’m fine.”

He hurriedly scribbles it down, and looks back up at George.

“Alright, so we’ll keep you here for a few more days, and if there’s nothing else, you can leave,” He turns around, and rushes to another patient’s room. Sapnap pulls a chair closer to the bed, and sits beside George.

“How are you here?”

Sapnap grins. “I flew here, idiot.”

“No, like how did you know I... passed out or whatever. And how long was I gone for?”

George’s head is swarming with questions, which, when combined with the throbbing effects of a headache, doesn’t help his state. He lies down, and closes his eyes in an attempt to recover.

“I think your neighbour was checking in on you or something, and they found you passed out, barely breathing. I couldn’t reach Dream, so I tried calling you and it didn’t go pass either. Bad’s with Dream now though, so he should be fine,” Sapnap shrugs as he picks at his fingernails. “If I’m not wrong, you’re out for five days, at least.”

“What?” George raises his voice a little, and he regrets it almost immediately as the familiar pain shoots through his head. He winces, and softens his voice. “Five days?”

“Yeah. I was convinced you were dead.”

“Sapnap!” George wants to yell at him, but the pounding in his head reminds him of his current situation, so he decides to get Sapnap back later. “Wait, Bad’s with who again?”

“Dream.”

*Who the hell...*

“Who’s that?”

Sapnap freezes, and a forced smile finds its way onto his face. He chuckles nervously, and clears his throat. “What... what do you mean by ‘who’s that’?”

He tries to search for any evidence that George is lying, that George is just playing with him, but all he can find on George’s face is genuine confusion. The atmosphere around them suddenly tensed, and George shifts uncomfortably. Did he ask the wrong question?

“You know what, I’m pretty sure you’re tired. You should rest.”

“Dude, I literally just woke up from passing out-”

“Nope. Sleep, or at least rest. The headache must be killing you,” Sapnap fluffs the pillows, and George reluctantly lies back down. A thin layer of sheets soon covers his body, and he turns and looks at Sapnap, who is trying to busy himself by arranging the empty glasses on the table.

“Alright, I’ll see you tomorrow, buddy. Don’t pass out on us like that again.”

Sapnap reaches for the door, but he turns around and looks at George again. He feels his smile drop, and with a swift motion, he leaves the room.

Reaching for his phone, he dials Bad’s number. It takes around three rings for Bad to pick up.

“Hello?”

“I... George doesn’t remember Dream,” Sapnap chokes out, clenching his teeth to prevent himself from sobbing on the phone. “I don’t know what to do, Bad. How can he not remember him?”

“That’s bad news,” Bad mumbles, the faint beeping of the heart monitor present in the background. “That means that he went through the portal, but Dream didn’t. Which means...”

Sapnap doesn’t want Bad to complete the sentence, but he doesn’t need to, anyway, because he already knows what’s going to happen to Dream. He stumbles to a nearby chair and collapses onto it, not trusting his own legs to support him, holding onto his phone so tightly that he’s sure he’s going to break it.

“How long do you think he’s gonna last?”

“I don’t know,” Bad lets out a shaky breath, and Sapnap feels himself crumble as he starts bursting into tears. His heart wrenches as he gasps for air, and he hears Bad on the other end trying to calm him down even though his own voice is trembling too. The mere thought of his own childhood friend, one of his best friends, leaving them so early kills Sapnap inside.

“I don’t want him to go, Bad. Is- is there any way we can-”

“We can’t. We’d be stuck there too, remember?”

“He’s so fucking stupid!” Sapnap yells, and through tears he can see other people looking at him, only to glance away awkwardly when he shoots them a glare. “God *fucking* damn it, why does he do this to himself, that fucker! And now he’s left George here alone, too! What the *fuck*!”

He slumps back into his seat, shocked that those words even left his mouth. Bad goes silent, the words hanging between them, and Sapnap wants to take them back. What rights does he have to be mad at his friend, anyway?

“Sorry, I-”

“No, you’re right. He is an idiot,” Bad speaks, a laugh escaping. It sounds so broken that Sapnap wants to hug him. “You know, you should explain to George about Dream. He’s probably very confused now.”

“I will, but not now. He just woke up, but I want him to rest. Don’t want him to get stressed,” Sapnap says, finally standing up. He avoids eye contact with the nurses, knowing that they’ve just watched his breakdown. It’s embarrassing, really, but it’s bound to happen.

“Alright. I’ll just stay with Dream for now.” Something shuffles on the other end, and Sapnap hears more talking in the background. “You just take care of George, alright? Don’t worry about me.”

“If you ever need me-”

“I’ll call you,” Bad completes the sentence. Sapnap smiles, the humid air hitting him as he leaves the cool air-conditioned building. “See ya.”

“Bye.”

\*

Dream is gone four days later.

It was so subtle. His breathing slowed, accompanied by the mild beep that cut across the silence in the room. Just like that, he left.

The reason for his passing is underlying heart conditions.

Sapnap stands quietly with Bad beside him as he watches the coffin that Dream’s in, hoping that this is one of the elaborate pranks that Dream used to pull on him when they were kids. The pastor goes on about Dream’s life, but Sapnap is not paying attention. All he can think of are the memories that him and Dream shared as they grew up, and he wipes away another tear.

Thunder roars loudly outside, and Sapnap almost snorts at how convenient that rain is pouring outside, as if nature herself is angry about Dream’s fate. He glances at Dream’s family but averts his gaze immediately after.

He wants this all to be a dream that he has stumbled upon, which he can exit just by creating a portal, but alas, reality traps him in with its cruel cages. Fatigue washes over him, the time zone changes causing him to zone out more than usual. Rubbing his eyes, he sees Bad shoot him a concerned look, but he ignores it.

George isn’t here with them. The hospital hasn’t approved George to leave yet, telling Sapnap that they still needed to observe him for a few more days. The most important person in Dream’s life, apart from his family, is not here, and Sapnap feels bitterness spread.

He looks down at his phone, and goes to Discord. Dream's chat box sits innocently at the side, and Sapnap clicks on it. Scrolling past the frantic messages that he had sent when he realised something was wrong, he goes back to Dream's last sent message.

*Dream: love you, buddy*

Sapnap closes his eyes.

*I love you too, idiot. Please come back, we miss you.*

\*

"You guys have YouTube channels where you do random challenges, but manhunt is easily the best challenge y'all have done," Sapnap says, and George snorts.

"I know I have a YouTube, Sap."

"Well, tell me what you don't know then!" Sapnap throws a pillow at George, his patience wearing thin.

Sapnap had flown back to George a few days prior in order to make sure George is all well and good before he leaves again. They've collected George's cat from his neighbours, thanking them for taking care of him when George recovered in the hospital. Currently, Sapnap is trying to restore his memory, or to spark something in George that reminds him of Dream, but he has been failing.

"Okay, so I literally still remember everything, like, I still remember you and Bad, and Skeppy, and Techno, you get what I mean? But whenever you mention Dream, there's nothing in my head. It's empty, and no matter how hard I try, I can't remember him," George explains, and spins in his chair. Sapnap lets out a frustrated groan as he buries his face in his hands.

"Dream's your boyfriend, idiot!" Sapnap snaps. George freezes, the chair slowing down to a stop as the word rings in his head over and over again. He has a boyfriend, and he's dead.

"Boyfriend?" George echoes, and Sapnap nods, desperate to see if George can recall anything.

George fumbles with his fingers, and he gets slightly irritated as his mind presents itself to be blank again. He wants to know who this mysterious stranger is that has made him fall in love, who has also fallen in love with him. He rubs his eyes.

"I- I can't, Sapnap," George says, defeated. He wants to know more about Dream, but he doesn't know where to start. It's as if his mind is a computer, and the file called 'Dream' is corrupted. Biting his lip, he closes his eyes again, reaching in deep into his memories, yet they appear as void.

George knows that it's inside him, and he needs to try harder. Without Dream, he feels weirdly incomplete, as if Dream is a missing piece of a puzzle in his life.

"It's... it's okay, I guess. We can take this slow, don't overwork yourself."

George feels Sapnap's hands on his, thumb rubbing circles on his knuckles to calm him down.

"Tell me more about him?" George pleads, opening his eyes and meeting Sapnap's brown ones. Sapnap nods, and clears his throat.

"Alright, where should I start?"

\*



*“Oh, George~”*

*“No! Leave me alone!”*

George watches the video, his head swarming with questions. Sapnap had left yesterday after George had persuaded him that he’s fine, leaving him all alone in his apartment. Cat meows in the distance, his little bell jingling as he moves around, and George smiles. Yet, he feels nostalgic and empty at the same time as he lets his smile drop.

Pausing the video, his character freezes. He stands up and stretches, and decides that he should go to sleep.

As his eyes close, he feels his heart tug.

He dreams of an unfamiliar boy with dirty blonde hair that night.

\*

George receives a package a week later.

It’s weird, because he doesn’t recall buying anything, although he vaguely remembers a promise by someone. The memories are blurry as he opens the package, and inside is a pair of Enchroma glasses wrapped up delicately.

Excited, he picks them up. The white frames remind him of his Minecraft character skin, and his smile is so wide he’s sure his cheeks are hurting. Hopping onto Discord, he calls Bad and Sapnap.

“I got the glasses!”

“Congrats! Are you gonna try them out?” Bad asks.

“I don’t know... I feel like I’m not ready yet. Maybe I can try them out on stream?”

“Ooh. That’s a good idea,” Sapnap chuckles, and George grins. He hides the fact that he has no idea who gave him these glasses, but he pins the probability on Dream.

He puts the glasses back.

\*

“So, chat, how’s everything?”

Despite it being in slowmode, the sheer amount of people replying to his question still causes the comments to whiz pass. He giggles, and leans back into his chair. Donations start to roll in, and he reads them out loud.

He’s back to his usual scheduled streams, although he struggles at first as fans bombard him with questions about Dream. It’s bearable, but annoying, and soon Sapnap releases the tweet of Dream’s situation. He asks for the fans to give them space, and thankfully, the fans comply, sending him condolences in the meantime. Speculations die down, and all that’s left of Dream is his videos and social media platforms, along with happiness that he has brought to everyone.

“So, I uh, I got these Enchroma glasses shipped to me a few days ago, and I want to try them on stream with you guys,” George announces, and the chat is spamming ‘pog’ as they burst out in happiness. Nerves suddenly consume George, but he stomps them away, giving a small smile into the camera. Closing his eyes, he holds the glasses to where he assumes his eye level is.

“I’m nervous, chat,” he admits out loud. “But let’s do this.”

He puts the glasses on, and opens his eyes.

At first, nothing is different. His PC is still black, and the monitor still has a white background, and he feels severely disappointed. He reads his chat, and his heart almost stops as he sees a vibrant colour that he has never seen before.

“What...”

He looks down at his own hands, and admires the pale splotches of... *is that red?* He turns on his phone, and the usual murky yellow background is replaced by another pale colour and *holy shit, that’s green. That’s green!*

Overwhelmed with emotions, he covers his mouth with his hands as he starts to cry. This is what he has been missing out on all his life while everybody takes it for granted. He bursts out into laughter, but the tears continue to flow as he looks around his own room and *that’s orange right there!*

“Okay, okay, I’ve got to play Minecraft with these.”

Shaky hands make their way onto his keyboard and mouse, and he guides the cursor to the icon, which apparently is green and brown. He clicks on it, and the loading screen pops up.

“You guys never told me Alex’s hair is bright orange!”

His heart is bursting with happiness, and emotions are running so high he doubts he’s going to get over this. He wipes away another tear and laughs as he clicks on the survival world that he shares with his friends.

He cries again as the world loads up, spotting the differences in the colours of the planks. He sees the bright red roses for the first time, and picks it up, mesmerised by its beauty. His friends join the server seconds later, congratulating him on the glasses and colours.

“Oh my god, guys, remember Build Mart? Now Techno doesn’t stand a chance against me,” he jokes, and covers his mouth. His cheeks are beginning to hurt, and his head is spinning with giddiness, but he savours the feelings.

He has felt like this once, but he doesn’t remember when.

A passing comment catches his eyes, and his heart sinks a little.

“Dream’s skin?” he chuckles, and pulls up Google. “I want to see how it’s like.”

Pulling up Google, he types in ‘Dream’, only for the actual definition of dream to come up. He shakes his head, smiling, and adds ‘wastaken’ behind. Several fanarts pop up, but bright neon green dominates his screen, almost blinding him.

“His skin is disgusting,” George says, but his smile betrays how he truly feels. Sliding his glasses down, he compares his own vision with what the entire world sees.

“Everything’s so bright, I can’t believe I missed out on this.” He continues to play with his glasses.

“It’s like I’ve been seeing the world in a piss view.”

Chuckling, he puts his glasses back on again. He remembers when Dream told him that as they sat

at the beach, and George didn't know whether to be angry or to laugh at that reply.

*Wait.*

The glasses suddenly feel heavy on his nose bridge, and he takes them off. The world suddenly fades back into yellow and the occasional blue, and he examines the glasses, and *Dream gave me these.*

He switches his screen back to Minecraft, and leaves the menu. Going into the house, he admires how bright the beds are, but his attention is drawn to the oak wood sign above the middle bed.

George takes in a deep breath, controlling himself so that he doesn't bawl in front of the audiences. Callahan asks whether he's okay in the chat box, and Sapnap messages him on Discord, but he is so fixated on the sign that he doesn't notice.

The stupid fucking sign that says *Dream was here.*

"Hey, guys, so uh, I'm gonna end the stream here," he nervously laughs, and curses internally at the voice crack in the middle of his sentence, a telltale sign that he's going to cry soon. "I'll see you guys soon, bye!"

He doesn't even bother raiding someone else as he closes Twitch, the pressure on him released as he lets out his emotions. He doesn't feel empty anymore, doesn't feel as disconnected anymore, because the final piece of the puzzle has been found.

A familiar ring blasts in his ears, causing him to jump in his seat. Sapnap is calling him on Discord, and he accepts the call.

"Hello? George, you goo-"

"I remember him," George cuts him off.

"What?"

"Dream. I remember him."

Sapnap is quiet, maybe from shock. "How much of him do you remember?"

"All of it."

George remembers the first time that he and Dream met, the way Dream was so shy and quiet while he tries to continue the conversation awkwardly, talking about codes. George remembers the time when Dream called him at three in the morning, voice trembling with excitement as he screams about how his channel has reached a hundred thousand subscribers, only for George to tell him '*Dream, it's 3am*', leading to Dream apologising profusely as he tries not to laugh. George remembers the time when Dream had confessed to him, and how George had hung up on him due to his excitement. George remembers the time when Dream actually got mad at him, and it took almost fifteen missed calls and twenty messages to get him back online. George remembers how peaceful Dream looked as he stared at the waves at the beach, and how his nose scrunched up in disgust at sand. George remembers their kiss.

George remembers what Dream looks like.

"George? You good?"

“Give me... give me a few moments,” he mumbles, and hangs up.

Stumbling to his bed, his legs almost give up beneath him as he barely makes it to the soft covers. Everything is crashing onto him, and he’s barely breathing as he tries to grab onto a memory, anything really, to stabilise him. All the late night calls, all the confessions and ‘I love you’s, all the feelings are returning, and George gasps for breath as they bury him alive.

Dream saved him. Dream sacrificed himself to save him.

George screams. He screams in pain, in anger, and in defeat. He screams to let his frustrations out, to let his sadness and *everything hurts, where are you Dream?* He doesn’t realise how hard he’s clenching his fists until his palms ache with crescent shapes where his fingernails had dug into. Curling up into a ball, he looks around for a comfort item, and hastily grabs Dream’s hoodie. He screams again, only for it to break down into sobs.

His heart aches as he relives the moments with Dream. The way Dream would look at him like he’s the entire world, the way Dream lowered his voice into a hush to calm George down, and the way Dream held him protectively as if he can protect him against the evils of the world. Hiccuping, George buries his nose into the hoodie, letting the arms wrap around his neck as he imagines Dream holding him again.

As his crying dies down, he lies on his bed, too tired to move from his position earlier. Despite it being in the afternoon, George is tired.

He closes his eyes, and goes to sleep.

\*

Everything is white.

George blinks, and looks around, squinting a little. The ground beneath him is soft, and he sinks lower into it, a cocoon of blanket hugging his body. He spots a shadow in the distance, a silhouette of a man, and with a sad goodbye, he leaves the comfortable warmth.

As he gets closer, he makes out several noticeable features. His eyes register the lime green hoodie first, then the dark blue jeans that seem to fit the man snugly. Black Converse shoes contradict the white of the floor, and he lets his gaze travel upwards.

Dirty blonde hair accompanied by a white plastic mask that holds a smile. George feels his heart racing as he hears the deep chuckles coming from the man. He notices that in his hand is a single red rose.

“You’re looking at me like I’m some sort of an angel or something.”

George rolls his eyes, yet he is unable to find a retort to counter the statement. Finally, he’s in front of the man, and he finds himself staring into emerald green eyes.

Suddenly, green is his favourite colour.

Dream holds his hand out. George accepts it.

“Where are we?”

Dream smiles, and George feels all of his worries fade away. He closes his eyes, and leans into Dream.

“We're in limbo.”

## Chapter End Notes

aaaand that's a wrap baby!

if youre a little confused about the ending, uh i meant for it to be like that, kinda? it's like a self interpretation kinda thing. you can either imagine Dream meeting with George (if you want a 'good' ending) or you can imagine George died (why wouldl you though unless you want to be sad)

thank you guys all so much for your support. without all of you, this book would've never gotten this far, so i'd like to thank each and every one of you for giving my writing a chance. i apologise if this ending isn't what you've been expecting, but i didn't want to drag out the end for too long

of course, this book wouldnt be here without its main source of inspiration, and that's from a book called Dreamland by Robert L. Anderson! do go check out this book if you have the time to, because truly without this i never wouldve thought of this idea

i hope you guys enjoyed this book, because i seriously did enjoy writing this

for the last time, thank you guys so much, and i'll see you guys in other books!

my twitter: ISLE0FDREAM

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!